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Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

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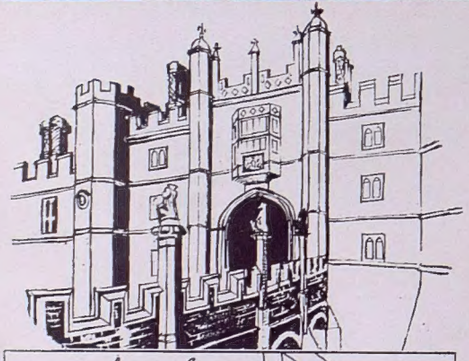
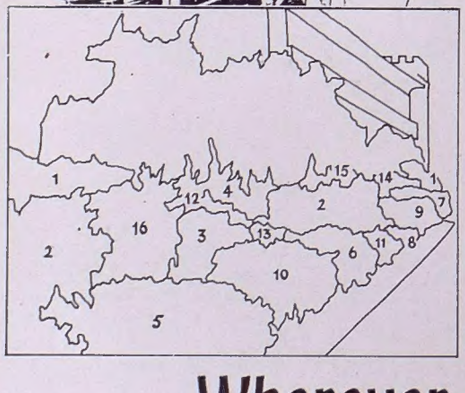
Visit Hampton Court with Shell

photographed in September by Percy Hennell





Hampton Court, Middlesex

It is Henry VIII, inevitably, that one associates with Hampton Court; but this enormous country house was in fact built by Cardinal Wolsey—who, having aimed too high, gave all to Henry in a hopeless attempt to stave off his ruin. Henry enlarged it, and successive monarchs till George II likewise altered and added, notably William and Mary, who commissioned Wren as architect. Today, enclosed gardens of Tudor character adjoin the crenellated southern face, while Wren's eastern façade gives on to radiating avenues, formal canals, and a great semi-circle of grass and flowers. All lies beside the Thames, in earlier times the highway to Hampton.

The fine late-summer border below the antique Tennis Court combines perennials, bedding plants and bulbs. Michaelmas daisies give the display its basic theme of pink—Barr's Pink (1), Pink Perfection (2), and Princess Elizabeth (3)—though Sam Banham (4) is white for contrast. These, botanically, are asters, though gardeners usually use that name for the half-hardy annuals which are really *Callistephus chinensis*. Such are Duchess Deep Rose (5), Duchess Yellow (6), and Azure Blue (7), whose undeveloped flowers are white. Other annuals are the gold, chestnut-blotched French marigold charmingly called Naughty Mariette (8), and *Phlox drummondii* (9). It is original to bed out the 'Orchid Lily,' *Lilium speciosum roseum* (10), but it fits in well, and so does the flame-red *Begonia multiflora maxima* (11). Among the background plants are sneezeworts—*Helenium* Riverton Gem (12), *H. pumilum* (13), and *H.* Son of the Garden (14)—and the perennial sunflower *Helianthus decapetalus multiflorus* (15), while the mugwort *Artemisia lactiflora* (16) provides a fluffy foil to all these daisy flowers.

Hampton Court is on the Staines road, A 308, two miles west of Kingston-upon-Thames. It is open as follows: May to September: weekdays 9.30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sundays 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; October, March and April: weekdays 9.30 a.m.–5 p.m., Sundays 2 p.m.–5 p.m.; November to February: weekdays 9.30 a.m.–4 p.m., Sundays 2 p.m.–4 p.m.

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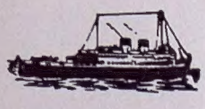

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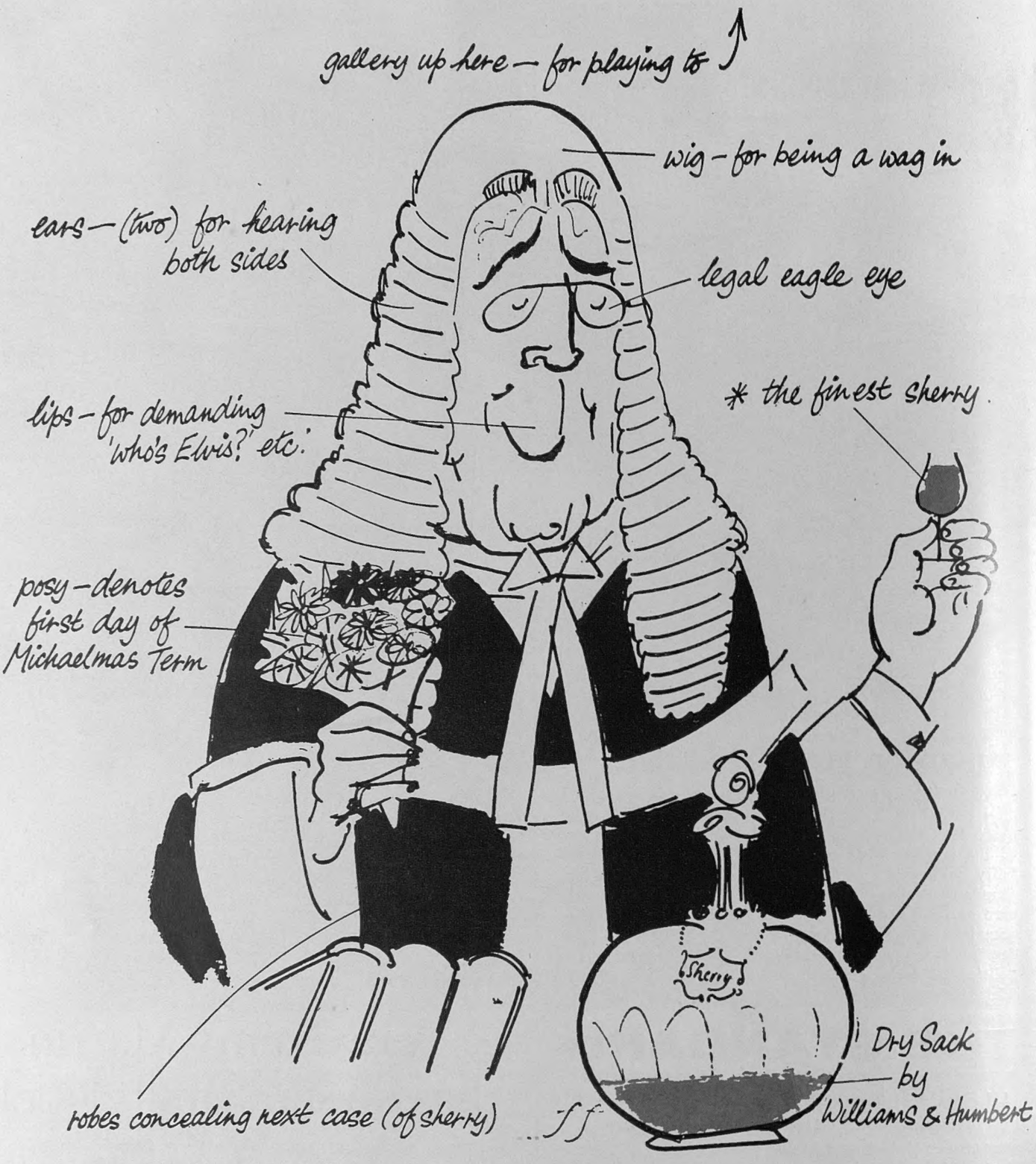

Great minds drink alike Justice may be blindfold. Sir Witley Wartley isn't! Like most good judges of a sherry, he's completely biased in favour of Williams & Humbert. After ruminating on the rival merits of **Pando** (dry, imperious) and **Walnut Brown** (rich, genial), His Lordship declares for Dry Sack. **Dry Sack**—not too dry, not too sweet—the medium sherry that so judiciously pleases every palate. But then, as connoisseurs know, all Williams & Humbert's great sherries have an unvarying excellence. On this their fame is based.

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Volume CCLIV No. 3301 LONDON, September 7, 1963

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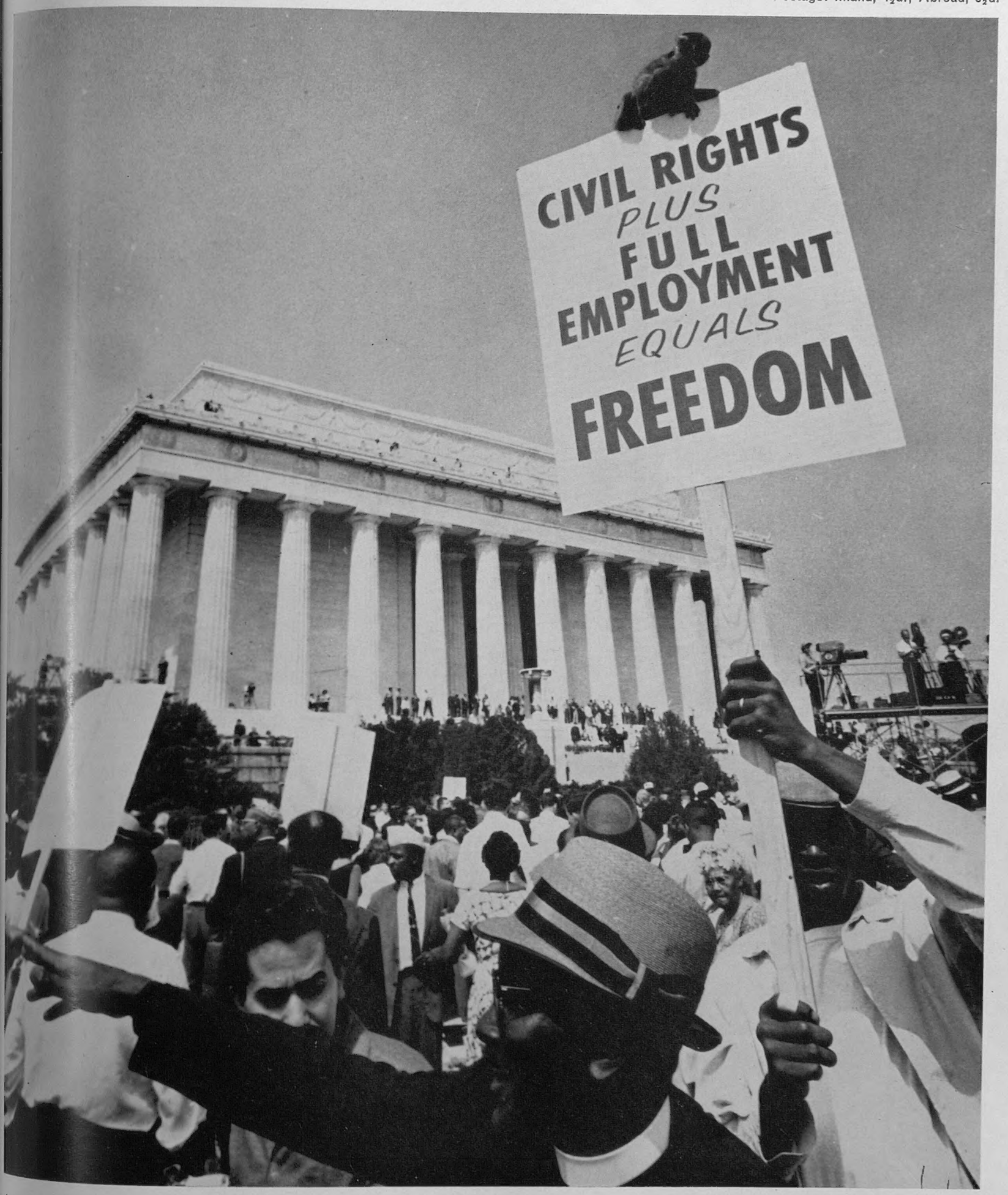
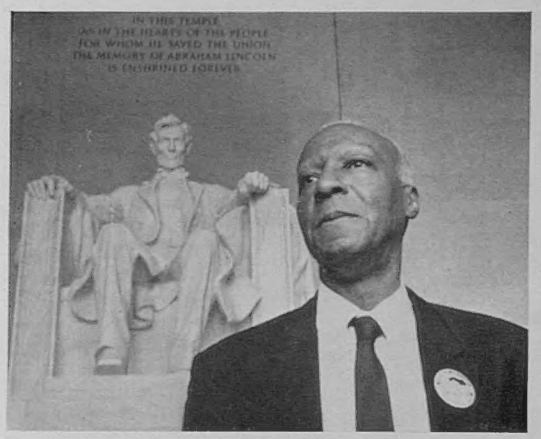


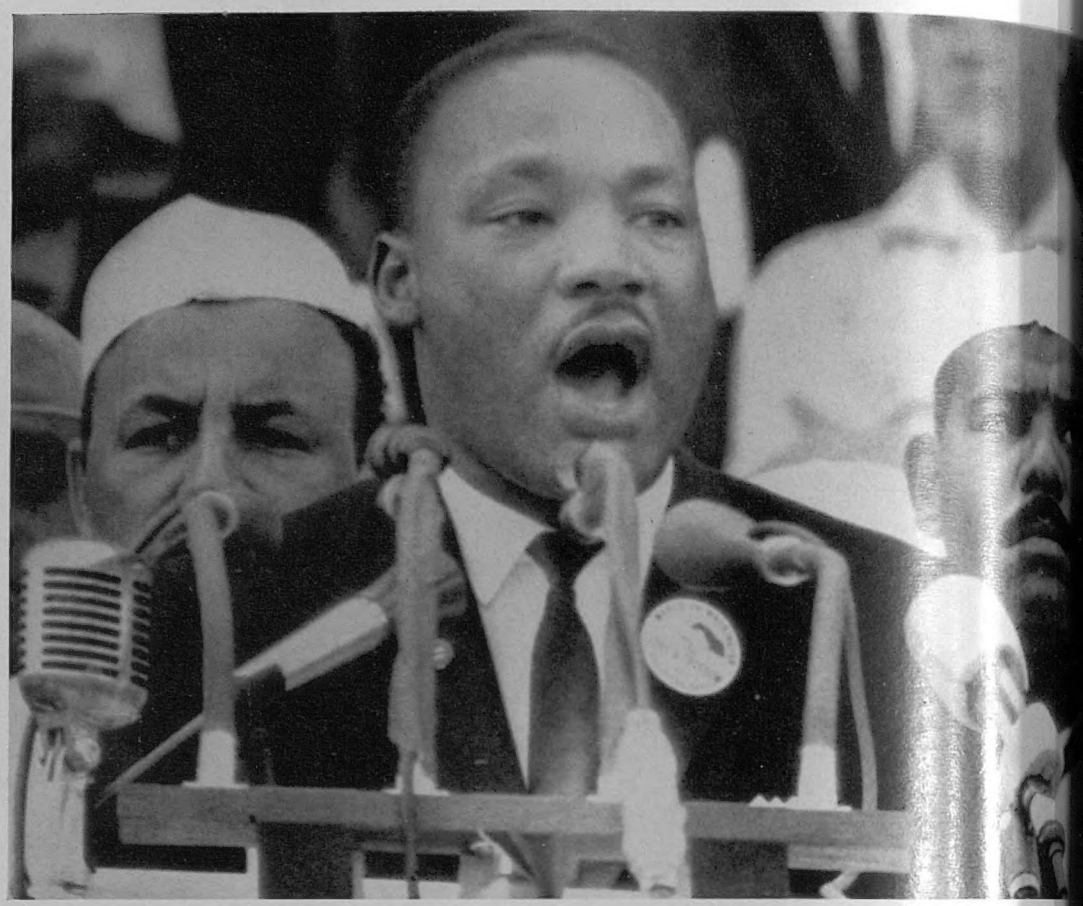
A small section of the vast army of Negroes and Whites—estimated at over 200,000—which demonstrated round the Lincoln Memorial in Washington in the historic civil rights rally on August 28. Their purpose was well expressed by Dr Martin Luther King, the Negro leader, who finished his speech at the Memorial with the words "let freedom ring." The orderly manner in which so huge a throng behaved made a deep impression. Ten of the leaders went to the White House to confer with President Kennedy, who promised them the gains of 1963 would never be reversed

LET FREEDOM RING

HISTORIC DAY IN WASHINGTON

328 **Below:** Philip Randolph, the director of the historic civil rights march in Washington, speaks from the Lincoln Memorial with the statue of the emancipator of the slaves behind him
Right: One of the Negro leaders, Dr Martin Luther King, delivers his stirring address to the crowd of 200,000 at the demonstration
Far right: Looking down from the top of the Lincoln Memorial the dense throng stretches away towards the Washington Monument
Bottom: Some of the banners in the parade in the American capital. It was estimated about 34,000 banners or placards were carried on August 28. By last weekend Negro leaders were preparing for the next stage in their civil rights programme. This will include pressure for an expansion of President Kennedy's civil rights measures due to come before Congress next month; demonstrations in Washington during the debates on the measures and renewed action to speed integration in southern states





THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Crown Prince born to King of Morocco

Excited mounted tribesmen fire off ancient weapons as the news is announced in Rabat, in Morocco, that a Crown Prince had been born to King Hassan II. The Crown Prince is King Hassan's second child. A daughter, Miriam was born in Rome last year. The Crown Prince will be named Mohammed after the late King Mohammed V, his grandfather, who died two years ago. By tradition, there is no Queen of Morocco, only the wife of the monarch, whose identity is secret

Miners rescued after two weeks ⟿

The 58-year-old miner David Fellin is hauled to the surface at Hazleton, Pennsylvania, from the tiny chamber 331 ft. down the shaft of a coal mine, which might have been his tomb. Henry Throne, 28, with whom he was trapped when the roof of the shaft collapsed behind them, was hauled up first. One of their first concerns was for their colleague, Louis Bova, trapped 25 ft. away from them. But there was little hope that he would still be alive

Ready for the Big Drop ⟿

Six of a party of fifteen boys from Charterhouse and Wellington College wait in an RAF Beverley before jumping. All the boys are over 17½—the Army's man service age—and were engaged in training in the Parachute Regiment, TA. This was not generally appreciated and last week the Army was inundated with requests from school cadet contingents for parachute training. These cannot be granted

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

←«« The First Ladies of Communism

Mrs Khrushchev (left) and Madame Jovanka Broz (right), wife of President Tito, steal the limelight from their husbands in this picture taken during a sight-seeing cruise along the Adriatic coast in the *Podgorda*. During his fortnight's "working holiday" in Yugoslavia, the Soviet Prime Minister visited many towns and had private talks with President Tito on the latter's island retreat of Brioni. In his public utterances in factories and elsewhere Mr Khrushchev's theme was usually socialist economy. It was thought the visit might lead to closer Soviet-Yugoslav relations but it was not anticipated that Yugoslavia would join the Warsaw Pact. Such a military association with the Soviet bloc would be a contradiction of Titoist non-alignment

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Scientists in conclave

Prince Philip in academic robes listens to Sir Eric Ashby, Master of Clare College, Cambridge, delivering his presidential address to the 125th Annual Conference in Aberdeen of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Sir Eric in his address envisaged a day when a University degree or professional qualification would be valid, like a passport, for a limited period only. It would then be renewed after re-education and re-qualification, Sir Eric suggested. He took as his theme "Investment in Man." This was a sequel to Sir John Cockroft's presidential address last year on the theme of "Investment in Science." Lord Brain, the physician, was elected President of the Association for next year

Sovereign dismasted

Britain's challenger for the America's Cup, the 12-metre yacht *Sovereign* owned by Mr Anthony Boyden, in Weymouth after her dismasting in the bay. She was racing with *Sceptre*, Britain's previous challenger, off Weymouth in a force 5-6 wind when her 90 ft. aluminium mast snapped. Mr Boyden and the skipper, Mr Geoffrey Merriott, were thrown overboard and taken to hospital with shock. A new mast will cost £3,000

A call for unity

Dr Salazar, Premier of Portugal, smiles and raises his arms to acknowledge the applause while speaking to a mass rally in Lisbon. Flanking him at the window above Black Horse Square are Dr Mario (left), President of the National Assembly, and Dr Supico Pinto, President of the Corporative Chamber. Dr Salazar called for support for his African policies and for unity around "one word, one reality—Portugal." Until recently the Portuguese Head of Government has rarely appeared in public but this was his third public speech in a fortnight

A visit from the C-in-C

Admiral Sir Varyl Begg (centre), British Commander-in-Chief Far East, watches as dry rations are packed for troops away on duty from their unit cookhouse. He was visiting the Royal Army Service Corps' Supplies and Petrol Reserve Depot in Singapore, one of the units he inspected in an intensive tour to inspect establishments in detail. The tour was the Admiral's first to Army units under his command since his appointment earlier this year

NEWS SUMMARY

An insurance against war; the wages battle at Brighton; U.N. problems in Yemen

Brigadier Abraham Jaffe, Commanding Israel's Northern Zone, surveys the Syrian frontier. In Sibu, Sarawak, rioters against joining Malaysia attack a police car

INTERNATIONAL

The "hot line," the direct link between the heads of government in Washington and Moscow, came into operation last weekend. The teleprinter system is intended as an insurance against the outbreak of war by accident owing to the breakdown of normal communications.

GREAT BRITAIN

The big day in the Trades Union Congress meeting at Brighton this week was expected to be Wednesday when economic policy was to be debated. Before the Congress opened, opposition to the General Council's call for wage restraint had come from certain unions, notably the Boilermakers and the powerful Amalgamated Engineering Union. A key figure was Mr Frank Cousins, of the Transport and General Workers' Union. The vote of his delegation could be decisive. On Sunday there were many moves behind the scenes and hopes rose of a compromise solution being reached which would swing the TGWU votes firmly behind the General Council.

At Aberdeen the British Association started its annual conference last week (see opposite page). Elsewhere in Britain views were being expressed on the need for reform in the structure of the Civil Service and the management of the country, the great train robbery, the doping of racehorses and, inevitably, what the Denning Report will contain.

GERMANY

At a rally in Hamburg last Saturday to mark the centenary of the Social Democratic Party (SPD) Mr Harold Wilson, Britain's Labour leader, was among the speakers. He roundly condemned the Communist wall in Berlin, and reaffirmed Labour policy on Berlin, which is to insist on the right of the people of West Berlin to live under a system of their own choice and to have freedom of access to the West. He did not refer at all to the question of recognition of East Germany. In some cautious remarks about the long-standing proposals of the Labour Party for a disengagement programme in Central Europe, he said he thought "they had new relevance in view of the latest improvement in East-West relations."

MIDDLE EAST

The Swedish Commander of the U.N. disengagement team in the Yemen, Major-General Carl von Horn, resigned last week, allegedly for personal reasons. He is believed, however, not to have agreed with the U.N. Secretariat on the policy for the mission. The mission was sent to prevent the Yemeni civil war from spreading throughout the Arab world. But the Saudi Arabian and UAR interests in the Yemen are too great for either side to withdraw voluntarily, and the present U.N. force in the country is too small to force them to do so.

President Sallal, of the Yemen, has been in Cairo to negotiate with President Nasser on the future of the UAR troops in the Yemen. If he fails to secure continued support, it seems likely that the Shafii Yemenis, a rival sect to the ruling Zaidis, may launch their own civil war.

The talks between Syrian leaders and President Arif of Iraq have failed to close the widening and acrimonious rift between Damascus and Cairo. The Syrian-Iraqi rapprochement continues on the other hand to make progress. The Baathist regimes in both countries plan to consolidate their rule independently of President Nasser.

MALAYSIA

Although the date for the inauguration of the new Federation of Malaysia had been postponed until September 16, complete independence for Singapore and self-government for Sarawak and British North Borneo was proclaimed on August 30, the original date for the start of the Federation of which Malaya will be the fourth member. The name of North Borneo has been changed to Sabah. The United Nations mission is expected to report its findings on Sarawak and Sabah by September 14.

Speaking at Kuala Lumpur, Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Malayan Prime Minister, spoke of his forebodings of trouble arising in Malaysia from "elements which have been deeply penetrated by the Communists."

BECHUANALAND

An extradition treaty between Britain and South Africa was reported early this week to be nearing completion. It will replace the Fugitive Offenders' Act of 1881 which governs the surrender of offenders between Commonwealth countries. South Africa left the Commonwealth in 1961. Political refugees to the British High Commission Territories will be granted asylum, but it is understood the British Government will not allow the territories to be used as a corridor to African countries where they might be trained as saboteurs.

This news followed the report that Dr Abrahams had been returned by the South African authorities to Bechuanaland from where he had allegedly been kidnapped. Arthur Goldreich and Harold Wolpe were still under police protection in Bechuanaland. They had escaped from Johannesburg where they had been imprisoned under the South African 90-day no trial law.

JOHN CONNELL

THE SOUTH EAST ASIAN COMPLEX

334 Last week an anniversary which, to a limited and inevitably diminishing companionship of veterans, has considerable significance, passed completely unnoticed. Yet exactly 20 years after the establishment of " a separate South East Asia Command for conducting operations based on India and Ceylon against Japan," the area defined in that official communiqué of August 25, 1943 was violently and dramatically prominent in the news. It is interesting to reflect that, of all the principals involved in this great and—as it proved—victorious enterprise, only one is still active on the national and international scene. He was a substantive Captain, RN, whose appointment as Supreme Allied Commander, South East Asia, was a considerable surprise. He is now Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Chief of the Defence Staff in the United Kingdom.

The tide of events, by a curious coincidence, has lately surged from Delhi to Sarawak, as it did 20 years ago, but in a very different fashion and to very different ends. Yet the ignorance of the whole huge area, and the general confusion of mind about what matters where, and why, are dismally familiar to anyone who, as I once did, sweated it out with maps, appreciations and intelligence surveys through the squalor and heat of those post-monsoon weeks.

India's internal troubles I discussed on this page last week. Mr Nehru having fought his critics with dour energy, has since made a wholesale reorganisation of his Government; but whether this will equip India better to face the stresses and the dangers of the immediate future is still to be seen. Meanwhile difficulties and delays have beset the new Federation of Malaysia, though Mr Duncan Sandys, having flown out to Kuala Lumpur a week earlier than he was expected, has firmly denied that there is or has been a crisis.

No such bland reassurance however could be given about the situation in South Vietnam, where trouble has heaped on trouble, not only for the unhappy, puzzled and ill-used population, but for the astonishing Ngo dynasty and for the United States Government, which sustains that dynasty with massive economic and military aid. As Vicky indicated in one of his most wickedly apt cartoons last week, the whole costly, delicately balanced edifice has come perilously near falling totally apart in American hands.

Relentless hostility

Both these situations are complex and fluid; neither is in the least easy to understand. Both, if they deteriorate much more, bode ill for the Western Alliance. Over Malaysia there are indications that at last it is being realised in London and in Washington that kid-glove diplomacy and appeasement are no use at all in face of the relentless and cunning hostility of President Sukarno of Indonesia, and of his apparently limitless ambition.

The whole concept of the despatch of U.N. " observers " into territories for which Britain —until the final transfer of power—is solely responsible has proved disastrous, in its working out in North Borneo and Sarawak. That it was thought up by Tunku Abdul Rahman and U Thant, as a possible way out of the former's bleak predicament, does not from the British point of view make it any more palatable; and the wrangles about the numbers of alleged clerical assistants attached to each observing mission, and about aircraft landing rights, have been squalid and humiliating. Mr Sandys's careful manifestations of unconcern are characteristically courageous, without, I fear, being especially convincing.

Malaysia's difficulties are caused by a mixture of conflicts, racial and political. The crisis in South Vietnam is chiefly religious in origin, though with strong, if disguised, political undertones; the Roman Catholicism of President Diem and most of his family—especially his brother and sister-in-law, Mr and Mrs Ngo Dinh Nhu, has clashed harshly with a militant Buddhism. Catholics say that Buddhism, in many of the monasteries, is now only a cover for Communism.

Criticism of Diem

Whatever truth there may be in this accusation, it is certain that Buddhism, as practised in South Vietnam, is far from being the bland, deeply pacifist and tolerant creed that most Europeans take it to be. Its response to repression is fierce and uncompromising, and Mrs Nhu's tactless joke about the custom of suicide by burning can hardly be said to have furthered the aims either of Christianity or of the ambitious clan into which she has married. Indeed it so angered and distressed her father, the Vietnamese Ambassador in Washington, that he resigned his post—a positive form of criticism, both of President Diem's policy and the way in which it has been applied, which others in high places have since seen fit to imitate.

The United States Government, which has some 14,000 American " advisers " stationed in South Vietnam and spends more than a million dollars a day in aid, has been acutely embarrassed, though at the beginning it professed neutrality over what it declared was merely a religious issue. On August 26, however, a Voice of America broadcast made it quite clear that non-involvement had been a failure, and that the State Department was coming quickly off the fence. It put the blame for several days of violence and rioting, for an ugly shooting episode in Saigon, and for the mass imprisonment of Buddhist monks and nuns, squarely upon the shoulders of Mr Ngo Dinh Nhu, of his secret police and of the special forces under his control; and it specifically exonerated the South Vietnamese Army, the leaders of which have been genuinely anxious to continue to co-operate with the United States.

One sentence in this otherwise useful broadcast caused a considerable pother: " American officials indicated the United States may sharply reduce its aid to Vietnam unless President Diem gets rid of secret police officials responsible for the attacks." *The Times* Washington Correspondent interpreted these words as an ultimatum; but both the Voice of America organisation and the State Department argued that they were merely the observations of a news agency and were not an official announcement. But the technique of the carefully arranged slip—of the tongue or of the typewriter—is certainly not unknown in Washington and most people were left with the conclusion that the United States Government was, by the middle of last week, ready to exercise as much pressure as possible to end the crisis.

" Cast aside hypocrisy "

A leading Vietnamese exile in Paris, Dr Phan Huy Co, went indeed so far as to suggest that the United States ought openly to intervene and overthrow President Diem's Government. In a time of massacre and untold violation of human rights, he said, hypocrisy must be cast aside; and since the South Vietnamese Government existed only through the Americans, the Americans must rid themselves of " this monster, this mad family," and put their trust in the Vietnamese people.

One fact is perfectly obvious: any attempt at genuine reform in South Vietnam would cut a swathe through the Ngo family. The President is one of five brothers who have been in power since the French left Indo-China in 1954. He is small, smooth and fanatical. Mr Ngo Dinh Nhu was until the present flare-up his principal political and diplomatic lieutenant, and ran his party machine—the party is called the Can Lao—as well as the secret police. Then there are two up-country brothers: Ngo Dinh Thun, who is Archbishop of Hué, which was once the capital of the emperors of Annam and a centre of Buddhist faith and practice; and Ngo Dinh Can, who governs the northern part of the country, and does not meet foreigners. Finally there is Ngo Dinh Luyen, who is Ambassador at the Court of St James.

It is curious that the Americans, with all their idealism, their generosity, their vision and their courage, tend overseas to entangle themselves with unpopular and very undemocratic regimes. Surely here, in another corner of Asia, is a situation very similar to that which more than a decade ago confronted President Truman in South Korea, where Mr Syngman Rhee's regime was as corrupt as it was autocratic. It is a predicament however which calls for sympathy rather than sneers. Still, it was undoubtedly a pity that the police lorries used to break up Saigon's biggest riot should have all borne the clasped-hands emblem of American friendship and aid—a misfortune which General de Gaulle's sudden offer of French aid to Vietnam underscored neatly and not, I fear, very charitably.

Above right: People in Hué in central South Vietnam watch troops on patrol. Like other parts of the country, the city had been placed under martial law. A centre of Buddhism, it had been one of the main scenes of demonstrations against the government and of suicide by burning by members of religious orders. Mass arrests of monks, nuns and students were reported from Hué and observers there believed the situation was still very explosive

Right: Young people demonstrate outside a pagoda in Saigon. It was reported that students arrested for demonstrating might be drafted into the army

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

336 **William Morris**

Every tribute from every angle to Lord Nuffield has been expressed long before any words of mine could be set up in print. The number of Oxford undergraduates who could say, and did say: " He used to mend my bicycle after I'd bashed it playing bicycle-polo " is now much reduced, and I suppose I am now among a small minority of those who genuinely saw the bicycle shop grow from the egg to the mighty organisation which did so much to transform, for better and for worse, the social history of Britain and the little world of Oxford. He was never blind to the consequences of what he achieved. He admitted that he was " almost frightened " by some of them, and his vast and carefully planned benefactions to the University perhaps proved that in his youth he knew that " secret none can utter " and had done as much as any man to destroy its indescribable calm and magic. I daresay that throughout his life he spent less on himself than I have. He paid good wages and until the wars his works were free from strikes. He liked the humblest complaint to be made direct to the boss. He was a great hand at cutting out middlemen. How right he has proved to make the nation and his own workers his heirs on his own terms. He knew better than us and them how to bestow his surplus millions on a nation which today spends a fifth of its average income on gambling. It is interesting to speculate whether this country of ours would be a happier place to live in if William Morris had devoted the best years of his life to overhauling the business of Government, bureaucracy and trade unionism. It is surely there that today men of his quality can best employ their genius and energy. They are not so common and we could use more of them than we do. But this great man never wasted his talents in his chosen field.

Fogarty's fairy

Professor Fogarty has offered the Liberal Party —if it decides to take it—a winning card, at any rate for by-elections when voters are more inclined to consider their own pockets and immediate needs than the nation's long-term welfare. A married couple " assured " of a £400 per annum old age pension, guaranteed half the average earnings of an adult man from retirement to death, if the Liberals come to power, would not be inclined to favour any other party with their votes—at a by-election. At a General Election they might look with more care into the rosy scheme. The necessary resources could not be obtained without the assistance of occupational pension schemes to reinforce State Pension Schemes, and firms which have no such occupational schemes will have to contribute to a central fund. Nor can the necessary resources be obtained without a continual economic growth at the rate of at least 4 per cent.; and the number of pensioners must not rise too sharply. The whole scheme would be paid for by a percentage pay-roll tax on the basis of two-thirds contributed by the employer and one-third by the employee. Such " loose ends " as persons who may fall outside this or other schemes remain for consideration. A Liberal spokesman has described the scheme as more precise and generous than Labour's proposal and cheaper than what may come if the Tories return to power. No doubt it is more generous than any rival today in the field. But it does in part depend on the *employer's* co-operation. It wouldn't do, if the employer found it necessary to cease to employ. That would knock for six more than one of the prerequisites; that would knock the stuffing out of Fogarty's fairy wand.

Five-pound notes

What lovely, crisp, enviable and reputable pieces of paper, prepared and purified in Hampshire trout streams, were the five-pound notes of my younger days, and what rich harvests of pleasure they offered in goods and services. To own one of those Portal masterpieces gave me almost as delicious a sense of affluence as did the possession in my gunmetal " sovereign case " of five bright jimmy-o'-goblins, when I was younger still. Today the " fi-pun-note " is not what it was, either in point of artistry or of security. There was indeed an interim period, after Portals went out, when the new notes too closely resembled £1 notes, and once at least I lost over £4 by cashing one for a trivial purchase. Just now, I do not like to own or use one, for suspicion is very rife that they are far from " legal tender." I dare not hide one in my house, for the police are far too adept in ripping up the floors and panelling, and it simply wouldn't do to be discovered digging a hole in my garden, so long as the mail train paper-chase is in full cry. No. The only safe thing is to light a fire and burn them. Legal tender (or not so legal), they are an embarrassment to all who possess them. And to think that not so long ago they were honoured on sight in every European country! Oh what a fall is there, my countrymen! Those mail train robbers have done for the five-pound note what Mrs Manning's scaffold costume did for black satin—sent it right out of fashion. But good may come of it. Income tax dodgers may be induced to use banks and cheque-books and give up carrying wads of notes in their wallets for the conduct of everyday commerce.

Patent mousetrap

Recently, soon after Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* had reached another " round-figures " milestone in perpetual motion, I asked in the Newsletter, among other oratorical questions, how much the authoress had made out of it. Mr Peter Saunders supplied the answer: *Nothing*. I was perhaps among a minority unaware that she had transferred all

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royalties from it to her grandson before the play opened. He was a boy of seven at the time. Today he is an Oxford undergraduate. Very courteously, Mr Saunders answered many more of my oratorical questions: The Ambassadors provides 453 seats and these have been filled by $1\frac{1}{2}$ million people since the play opened. But it has been played in 25 other countries and global statistics are not available. The number of people who have seen it twice or thrice is higher than with any other Christie thriller. The knowledge of who-dun-it seems to stimulate interest in how it was done, in following the now familiar clues. Sixty-nine people have appeared in the play since it opened on November 25, 1952. There is only one remaining original member of the company —Anthony Huntley Gordon, the manager. One vital (and essentially oratorical) question remains unanswered: What makes a "best-seller" in drama or literature? God knows and is unlikely to reveal the secret so long as the moon endureth.

Set a girl to catch a girl

I read that 17 girls from a Worcestershire Grammar school, stimulated perhaps by the continual rise in profitable crime, are spending their summer holidays learning how to be detectives. It is part of the Duke of Edinburgh Award scheme. When trained, these girls should be a useful addition to the CID. I don't know whether the girls of Worcestershire follow the fashion of village girls in my part of Hampshire, who every month change the colour of their hair to match a new frock. A red-headed girl may be black haired one month, platinum-blonde the next and blue the one after. It is quite an expensive fashion. Bleaching, for instance, if persisted in for several months, must be constantly renewed and costs 25s a time. If Worcestershire follows Hampshire in this fashion, these 17 girls have already mastered one art of the profession, the art of successfully disguising themselves; and, apart from their usefulness in detecting crime, they will be much sought after in identifying the teenage girls of the village who sell one an ounce of tobacco or a packet of cigarettes. There always seems to be a new girl behind the counter, and it is a pleasant surprise if she knows the particular brands one always asks for, without one specifying them. A sense of permanence in our village is fast vanishing and I regret it.

Above: Pressing her nose as she concentrates on the game, Mrs Mary Riddleston of Boxford, Suffolk takes part in the pairs event during the English Women's Bowls Championships at Wimbledon Park

Above left: Wyle Cop, a thoroughfare in Shrewsbury, is laid with heating cables supplied by British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd. The roadway over this stretch has an average gradient of 1 in 9, and can be very dangerous if ice forms over it in winter

Outsize stamps

Who benefits from the issue of outsize commemorative stamps? The GPO, the special cause, philatelists, printers, designers? Not, I am sure, the general public. I am not alone in finding these outsize stamps tiresome, lacking in taste, inclined to stick together before one licks them and grossly over-produced. We were still being fobbed off with the *Nature Week* issue a month after it ended, and now there seems little prospect of clearing off the Red Cross Centenary abortion. Books of stamps supply denominations we seldom use and find difficult to dispose of. How much longer are we to be constantly victimised by this very tiresome stunt which seems to be as unpopular with sub-postmasters as with their clients?

The Old Stager

FESTIVAL DANCE AND SONG

The 17th International Edinburgh Festival draws to a close at the end of this week with the Grand Finale of the Military Tattoo, and the fading *Lights Out* played by a lone piper high on the Half Moon Battery of Edinburgh Castle. Over the past few months there have been festivals in many cities throughout Europe: none so international as Edinburgh's, nor so diverse. The programme has ranged from the fascination of Balasarasvati's Indian dancing to the dramatic tensions of the operas brought to the King's Theatre from Naples by the San Carlo Company. Some of the companies seen in Edinburgh are coming to London. Martha Graham's Dance Company is at the Prince of Wales Theatre until September 14th. And *Exit the King*, Ionesco's play performed for the first time by the English Stage Company at Edinburgh will be at the Royal Court from September 12 until November 2.

Above: In *Seraph*
Martha Graham an
pany present, in a hi
dance form, the spe
Joan (danced by E
left foreground) at
of her death. At
left to right, are Y
McGehee and Linda
the Saint's three i
maid, warrior, and
back, Saints Kather
and Margaret presi
witnesses the prog
her own destiny

Left: St. Joan, S
(Juliet Fisher) and
(Bertram Ross). The
frame setting is by Isa

Right: Balasarasvat
the greatest expone
Bharata Natyam dan
flourished for many
the temples of Sout
She performed at the
of Indian Art at t

Above: A scene from Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, brought by the San Carlo Company from Naples to the King's Theatre, Edinburgh. The villain of the piece is Count Walter (Paolo Washington) at left. Before him is Luisa (Margherita Roberti) whose arm is held by Miller (Piero Cappuccilli). *Luisa Miller* is among the lesser-known operas of Verdi

Above left: In *Adriana Lecouvreur*, Magda Olivero (right) plays the title role. With her is Juan Oncina, as Maurice, Count of Saxony. Cilea's opera was first seen in this country at Covent Garden in 1904, two years after its Milan première. It has been one of the three operas presented by the San Carlo Company at the Edinburgh Festival. The third, and the best known was Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*. It was the Company's first visit to Britain since 1946

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

CANADA

Preparation for the 1967 Montreal Exhibition

The site of "The Canadian Universal and International Exhibition—Montreal 1967" was officially inaugurated last month by Mr Lester Pearson, the Prime Minister of Canada. The exhibition will be held from April 28 to October 27, 1967. Canada will also celebrate her 100th birthday that year.

The theme of the fair is "Man and his World." It is intended to convey the accomplishments of the human mind, irrespective of national boundaries, and to embrace the fields of thought, economic affairs, technology, science, culture and religion. Its final aim is to contribute to the development of a genuine unity of mankind based upon respect for the human personality.

The Exposition will be located in Montreal, Quebec, the second largest French-speaking city in the world. St. Helen's Island in the St. Lawrence River has been chosen as the site.

The island was named by the explorer, Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec, in 1611 in honour of his wife, Hélène Boullé. For nearly three centuries it was a strategic military fort and garrison post, but now it is a beautiful park resort. The size of the island will be greatly increased by an enormous engineering project involving the incorporation of two other islands.

The Canadian Government plans to spend $50 million (approx. £17 million) on a Canadian exhibit and on ice protection for the island.

Left: Sir Milton Margai, the Prime Minister of Sierra Leone and Minister of Internal Affairs and Defence, arrives at Gatwick for a private visit to Britain. This week, on September 5, he begins a State visit to France. Accompanying Sir Milton on his journeys are Mr Albert Margai, Minister of Finance, Mr J Nelson-Williams, Minister of Information, and Mr Kandeh, his Parliamentary Secretary. Sir Milton returns to Britain for an official visit on September 9

Below: The 1963 Otaki Scholar, Graeme R. D. Catto from Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen, meets Mr Keith Holyoake, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, in the Parliament Buildings in Wellington. Mr Catto is in New Zealand as the guest of the Government and the New Zealand Shipping Company whose ship *Otaki* which was sunk during the last war is commemorated by the award given each year

Bottom: The Menzies, the latest hotel in Sydney, New South Wales, is scheduled to be opened next month. The 15-storey building overlooks the trees and lawns of Wynward Park in the centre of the city

Above left: St. Helen's Island in the St. Lawrence will be the site of the Montreal Exhibition

Left: Mr Pearson, after inaugurating the site, with Mr Lesage (left), Premier of Quebec, and Mr Drapeau (right), the Mayor of Montreal. The three islands on which the International Exhibition of 1967 will be set up are ringed in the centre of the river on the map

Above: Mr Kenyatta, Prime Minister of Kenya, with Major-General Sir Richard Goodwin, G.O.C. East Africa, during a visit to a military installation near Nairobi. On the Prime Minister's left are Dr Julius Kiano, Minister of Commerce, and Dr Mungai Njeroge, Minister of Health. The Kenya Independence Conference will open in London on September 25

A PORT FOR WINES

Written and photographed by Geoffrey Hart

Bordeaux, city and seaport of south west France, capital of the Department of the Gironde and fourth largest town in France, is known principally for the wines which take her name. But although Bordeaux claims to have shipped more and better wines to all parts of the world than any other port, it is not by wines alone that she earns her living. Many vegetable products such as resin and turpentine as well as fruit and vegetables and even caviar are exported, and thriving industries include shipbuilding and aeroplane manufacture.

The dry soil and pleasant climate attracted settlers as early as the Bronze Age and many monuments to Roman occupation remain. There are records of sea trade, particularly with Spain and Britain, as far back as Roman times. From 1154 to 1453 Bordeaux belonged to the English and for a time was the seat of the Court of Edward, the Black Prince, whose son Richard was born in the City.

For this the Bordelais appear to bear no ill-will, certainly not the wine growers, for one of France's finest wines, Château Talbot, is named after an Englishman—John Talbot, 1st Earl of Shrewsbury, who became Captain of Rouen and Marshal of France.

Bordeaux itself is an attractive and varied city—its centre planned symmetrically in the 18th century manner. Large pleasant squares, tree-lined and with small parks, merge rapidly with narrow cobbled streets as you leave the city centre. Both are in their way attractive, one clear, colourful, open and bright, the other picturesque with an oddly dignified air of dereliction and decay (brought on, you are told, by a form of rent act dating back to the 1914-1918 war). Amid these narrow cobbled streets one can suddenly come face to face with a magnificent spire framed by houses that appear almost to touch across the street; or come upon splendid gateways such as La Grosse Cloche—a relic of the 15th century Hôtel de Ville, at (*Continued on page 344*)

Top left: The bridge over the Garonne at Bordeaux has 17 arches and was built about 150 years ago. Bordeaux is one of the chief ports in the world for shipping wines

Top right: Time for a short rest at a café on the Cours Victor Hugo in Bordeaux after a morning's shopping

Above left: Early morning in Bordeaux. A priest crosses the road and workers set out for their day's labour

Above right: A market stall in the Grand-Marché in Bordeaux

Far left: Looking towards the Altar in the interior of Royan Cathedral which is a very modern building. The centre of this city was destroyed by the Germans during the war

Left: The beautifully preserved Roman church at Laurétan has small windows of stained glass. There are numerous remains of the Roman times in this area

A PORT FOR WINES

continued from page 342

whose foot is the little Gothic church of St. Eloi.

Around the city lie the vineyards of the Médoc, Graves, Côtes-de-Bordeaux, St. Emilion and others. Driving through the countryside you see so few vines, and these often interspersed with peach trees, with the soil looking so poor that you wonder how such quantities of fine wine can be produced; but it is the very nature of the soil that makes the quality of the wine. Suddenly emerging through the trees or standing proudly on a hill you see a famous Château, steeped in the past, still magnificent, but probably now the headquarters and cellar for a vineyard. A few, like Château Talbot, are still homes, usually of the great wine-growing families; some it is possible to visit, to taste the wines and see something of the splendours of the past. Occasionally a notice by the roadside bids "welcome" to the passing visitor, but normally it is best to approach one of the shippers in Bordeaux and find out when and where to go—the weekends should be avoided.

Near to Bordeaux lies another famous place —Cognac—for centuries the world centre of the brandy industry. Lying quietly on the banks of the river Charente, a surprisingly small city, it is well laid out and distinguished by the huge ground-level cellars and beautiful parks. It was the birthplace of François Premier, whose statue by Etex dominates the centre square and watches over the bustling townsfolk who hurry beneath.

To the west of both Cognac and Bordeaux lies the Côte D'Argent with its "100 kilometres of fine sand," bordered by dunes and hills, backed by occasional lakes and broken only by rivers and inlets such as Arcachon. At the extremity of the Médoc is Pointe de Grave, a small picturesque fishing village and base for the car ferry that travels across the Gironde to Royan.

Royan, now ranking after La Baule and Biarritz as a health resort, was almost obliterated during the 1939-1945 war. It has been rebuilt on startlingly modern lines, dominated by the impressive new Cathedral.

Above left: The statue of Francis I in the centre of Cognac. He was born in the town in September, 1494

Above: Fishing boats and the harbour of Pointe de Grave. The car ferry to Royan is in the background

Right: A team engaged on spraying the vines at Château Lafaurie-Peyraguey which produces one of the region's top-ranking white wines

Below: A tractor carries out spraying on high planted vines at Château La Clône, owned by M. La Roche, in the Grande Champagne district where the finest Cognac grapes are grown

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WESTON: FACTS AND LEGENDS

Mushroom towns are invariably disappointing architecturally. Weston-super-Mare is no exception to the rule. Built on the shores of the crescent-shaped bay which the sea has scooped out of the mud-flats between promontories of Brean Down and Worle Hill, this is the largest and most popular resort on the Bristol Channel; a distinction which it has held for many years and one which it is very unlikely to lose. Yet, at the beginning of the 19th century, Weston was a poverty-stricken fishing village with a population of just over 100. The local physician, a man named Fox, first saw the possibilities of making money out of Weston mud—the town has, ever since, made a virtue of its acres of mud at low tide, claiming that the ozone escaping from the ooze is one of the chief elements in its salubrity: and, whatever the truth of that, there can be no question that Weston-super-Mare is an exceptionally healthy place—and the first guide was published in 1822. Its author (Fox again?) was something of an advertising genius. The place "caught on": so much so that it rapidly became too popular to be fashionable. You can see the rudiments of a town plan on the grand scale in Royal Crescent, Oriel Crescent, and Wellington Terrace, which all date from the 1840's. Something on "classical" lines (with Bath as the model?) was, it would seem, envisaged. But there was no time for completion. Architecturally Weston-super-Mare was suffocated by its own success. So now the visitor is faced with an uninspiring mixture of Victorian solidity and mid-20th century haste. When you have seen the swimming pools, the exceptionally fine Winter Garden, and the mud—and you will have an enlivening time doing so (the town really does know its business, which is entertainment) and will acquire an enormous appetite you have seen Weston-super-Mare. There is not an antiquity in the place.

But on the outskirts, past and present mingle. Weston-super-Mare is as modern as can be: its environs as ancient. Within sight of the very modern promenade there is an Iron Age fortress, Worlebury Camp. This really is a fantastic place. It covers a full ten acres and its limestone ramparts, in places at least 20 ft. high (which suggests that once they must have been much higher), follow the natural contours of the hill. Such ramparts, one would have thought, would have been defence enough in those days with the weapons then available. But outside, quite 100 yards from the strongly fortified entrance, there is a whole series of banks and ditches which obviously formed part of the original scheme of defence. These vast defensive works were not enough. Worlebury Camp was not deserted, left to moulder away, as were so many of these Iron Age fortresses. It was stormed and its inhabitants massacred. Their mutilated skeletons were found heaped in the camp's storage pits. Worlebury Camp must once have been an even more important place than the neighbouring town is today.

A mile or so farther on, at Kewstoke, is more history. The village may be reached by a very pleasant path through the woods with views of the sea far below. The walk is not strenuous and there is no possibility of losing the way. Maybe much of the history attached to Kewstoke is legend. The place is said to be named after a Saint Kew, a hermit who lived in an underground cell at the top of a flight of 200 steps. The steps are there all right (they can be seen from Kewstoke church) but it seems much more probable that they connected the Iron Age fort with a landing-place for boats. Be that as it may, Kewstoke's history is linked with a saint, a duly canonised saint: Thomas à Becket.

Mediaeval chroniclers tell us that, after the murder in Canterbury Cathedral, monks laid the body in front of the altar (Becket was not murdered at the altar as is popularly supposed) and caught the blood in vessels: which lends some support, I think, to Hugh Ross Williamson's theory, advanced in *The Arrow and The Sword*, that this was a ritual sacrifice and not a political assassination. Certainly for more than 200 years afterwards pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas bought Canterbury water—water mingled with drops of the saint's blood—and then hung the vessels containing it round their necks as a protection against the "evil eye."

Some of the saint's blood was housed in Kewstoke church. It happened like this. Close by Kewstoke are the ruins of Woodspring Priory, founded in 1210 by William Courtenay, a grandson of one of Becket's murderers. (All four murderers, by the way, were Somerset men.) Woodspring Priory was a small community of the Augustinian order, and the monks brought with them from Canterbury a wooden cup containing the blood of Thomas à Becket, and this they placed in a carved piece of Caen stone. It is said that at the Dissolution in 1536 the Prior, Roger Tormynton, carried stone and cup and fixed them firmly—the hollow part of the stone containing the cup inwards, so that the cup was concealed—into the north wall of Kewstoke church.

Legend? Who can tell? What is certain is that in 1852 workmen found the reliquary (the only piece of Caen stone in the church) built into the north wall: and in a hollow at the back of it a broken wooden cup, stained with blood.

You can see it today. But not in Kewstoke church. You have to go all the way to Taunton Museum. And, really, it is scarcely worth the 30-mile drive to see a piece of Caen stone, a battered, mutilated fragment which was probably once the capital of a column, and the rough, broken, wooden cup, darkly stained at the bottom, which stands close by. In Taunton Museum, along with all the other fragments found by workmen repairing churches and digging in the foundations of ruined abbeys, it means nothing at all. But, in Kewstoke church, where it should surely be, it would.

Weston-super-Mare, the popular resort on the Bristol Channel, faces west over the Atlantic and is famous for its healthy air

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

The third International *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race which is being run this Saturday will not be lacking in excitement and thrills. The course from Cowes to Torquay provides every possible hazard the English Channel has in store in the shape of hard winds and complicated tidal streams. After the start the boats have to go round the Wight (leaving Cowes in a westerly direction), round a mark off Southsea, through the Solent again to Bournemouth, Swanage, and then set a straight course across the open water of Lyme Bay, then rounding Berry Head, finally to the finish at Torquay, where the prizegiving will take place the same evening at The Imperial. A severe test of boats, engines and mechanical equipment, but in certain conditions an even more severe one for drivers and crews.

Since the first race in 1961 the number of entries has been increasing, encouraged no doubt to some extent by the increasing prize money and the shining array of trophies. Fifty-three entries are competing for a total of prizes amounting to £5,350, and the sundry cups and trophies are valued at another £2,000. The organisers have been judiciously arranging the various prizes in such a way that certain types and categories of vessel should receive additional inducements to enter. Thus the £500 prize offered for owner-drivers has attracted 36 such entries, and the result is, that out of the total there are only about ten that can be regarded as single-purpose "hot rods," the rest of the boats are largely practical, seagoing, one might almost say family, cruising boats. Other inducements for this type are the sealed handicap prize and a fuel economy prize which rewards the best fuel/speed ratio achieved.

Among the out and out racing craft there is an influx of 3·8 litre Jaguar engines. Four of these each are used in two of the entries: in *Tramontana II* built by Vospers for R. S. Wilkins, last year's winner, whose previous boat was excluded from the race by the new rule limiting petrol engine capacity to 16·4 litres, and *Jackie S* entered and driven by Dr E. Savundra. Insurmountable technical difficulties prevented the use of such tremendous power on single or even twin shafts and propellers, and so these boats are driven, less efficiently, by four propellers.

The hulls of 14 entries are designed by the American Ray Hunt, many of these are in glass fibre. For the first time the rules permit the entries of hydroplanes, and there is just one such entry, *Tumblehome*, jointly owned and driven by the Hon. Max Aitken and Peter Blond. Perhaps the most unusual entry is *Seacrete 24* entered by T. M. Hagenbach and driven by H. T. Percival, for she has a concrete hull and is driven by a Warren jet impeller, powered by a Perkins Diesel.

The winner of the first race in 1961, Tommy Sopwith has entered *Thunderstreak*, a Ray Hunt-Bertram craft powered by twin Ford engines. The boat in which he won originally, *Thunderbolt*, is now owned and driven by one of the two lady drivers in the race, Miss Hilary Laing. The other is Mrs Max Aitken, who is racing her *Ultra Violet*, another Hunt-Bertram boat. Her husband's *Glass Moppie*, also by Hunt-Bertram, is one of the boats driven by the new Rolls Royce V8 marine petrol engines, two of these give her nearly 500 h.p. Unfortunately, one of the favourites for the race, the Italian *Ultima Dea* had to be scratched, but another Italian, *A Speranziella* is still a formidable runner.

Above: The Trophy presented by the Bahamas Tourist Board for the *Daily Express* Powerboat Race winner. The trophy takes the form of a replica in silver of a conch shell, the unofficial national emblem of the Bahamas where motor boating is as popular as sailing

Top: In last year's Offshore Powerboat Race, the Italian entry, *A Speranziella* shoots over the water, driven by A. Petroni. Designed by R. Levi, with twin Crusader engines, the boat is due to run again this year

CROWBOROUGH BEACON

This is a heathland course, the best thing after a linksland one. There are very few artificial bunkers on it, the course being one of the most natural in Sussex. Very few visitors come here to play without commenting on the beauty of the scenery, typical of this part of the country, with broad, rolling, wooded landscape. On clear days the sea can be seen beyond the Downs to the south, for Crowborough Beacon stands at 800 ft. The terrain presents a thoroughly entertaining variety of holes. Bobby Locke commented, after playing a round, that it called for every type of shot, and he has a lot at his disposal. The sixth hole is known as "The Speaker," after a former Speaker of the House of Commons, W. C. Gully (later Viscount Selby) who died in 1909. It is a short hole, but in front of the tee there is a deep ravine calling for a long shot if the green is to be reached. The Club is proud of its distinguished members, past and present. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was Captain of the Club in 1910, and the house he lived in is not far away at Crowborough itself.

Above: Mr David White (the Professional) in his shop

Top: Lady members driving off from the 16th tee on the Crowborough links

Centre row, left: Lt.-Col. B. S. Hartland (Club Secretary), and Mr E. L. Hayes with his son, Jeremy

Centre row, middle: Mr D. W. Murton-Neale, a Founder-member of the Club with the seat he presented to the Club

Centre row, right: Lady Hutchinson (the Ladies' Captain) with Mr E. S. Dobb (the Club Captain)

Far left: The bar of the Clubhouse with members relaxing after a game

Left: Mr Charles Macey (the Assistant Professional) crossing the bridge across the gully by the 5th fairway

SITES OF THE PELOPONNESE

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

348 For anyone with the slightest feeling for history at all, the first holiday hazard in Greece is sheer frustration. The second is mental indigestion, for the place names which march across the map are so many magnets drawing you onwards, and time is never enough.

There are, however, few places in the world more worth either the frustration or the mental indigestion, a lot of which can be avoided by a little planning and firm resolution. The first is on no account to be tempted by one of the regular one-day trips from Athens which take in half-a-dozen or more classical sites and about 250 miles of coach travel, depositing you back in the capital at about 9.30 p.m., a wearier and wiser person. There are any number of tours of longer duration or shorter distance, or better still is to hire a car and do it in your own time. This can be arranged either through the BEA Car Hire Scheme before departure, or on the spot. A second preventive measure is to roughly divide the time at your disposal and firmly to restrict the area of your visit.

For a first trip to Greece, my own suggestion is to combine Athens with the classical sites of the Peloponnese, allowing time for a few days of leisure at some seaside spot. Nauplia, first capital of modern Greece, is a favourite of mine. It is also advisable to distribute the stay in Athens between the beginning and end of the holiday, with time for digestion in between. It is thus more easy to ensure, too, that at least one visit coincides with the full moon, when the Acropolis is open to visitors at night.

The buildings of the Acropolis are for me the most moving of man's architectural achievements. They should be visited as many times as possible and at different times of the day. Personally, I think they are never lovelier than in the early morning when there are few people to chase the ghosts away, and when the brilliant quality for which Greek light is famous has not quite shaken off the softness of night.

The Acropolis and its immediate surroundings, including the Agora, the Theseum and the Theatre of Dionysus alone could fill several days. So could the museums, among which the National Archaeological Museum provides a splendid preface to your tour. It is also a city of views: from the Acropolis itself or the nearby hill of Philopappos, from the Pnyx or the Areopagus ("hill of Mars"), or best of all from Mount Lycabettus. And after that there are the Roman sites, the Byzantine churches, the smattering of reminders of the long, bitter era of Turkish rule, and the staid contrasting neo-classical architecture of the 19th century, when Greece finally emerged as an independent kingdom.

At the foot of the Acropolis, the old Plaka district of Athens teems with life and enough enchanting corners to keep camera-happy visitors clicking to their heart's content. Here, too, are many tavernas, such as the Palia Athina, where one can eat, drink and enjoy unsophisticated entertainment at low cost. There are also innumerable small restaurants in Piraeus and by the enchanting little yacht and fishing harbour of Tourkolimano.

The road from Athens to Epidaurus leads through Daphni, Eleusis, Corinth, Mycenae, Argos, Tiryns and Nauplia, a distance of about 120 miles. It is necessary to return the same way, but this is scarcely a hardship. Athens and the region of Attica are joined to the Peloponnese by the narrow Isthmus which separates the Gulf of Corinth from the Saronic Gulf, and across which the ancients used to drag their ships on rollers. The steep cleft of the Corinth Canal was built at the end of the last century.

Modern Corinth lies just beyond it, and Ancient Corinth about four miles farther, the ruined city scattered at the foot of Acro-Corinth which is topped by a citadel and said to provide the source of 300 springs. Once the sanctuary of Aphrodite, served by her 1,000 sacred prostitutes, the subsequent fortress bears the stamp of successive Byzantine, Crusader, Venetian and Turkish occupations; its views are magnificent.

In terms of time, however, the Golden Age of Mycenae (about 22 miles on) bears roughly the same relation to the hey-day of Ancient Corinth as late Roman Britain does to World War II. Caught in its lonely landscape of sun-baked hills, it is a wonderful spot in which to let the imagination run riot, for the fortified royal residence with the famous Gate of the Lions was inhabited 5,000 years ago.

There is a tourist pavilion at Mycenae, but the nearest village is a mile away. Nearby Argos, however, is a substantial small town, though a mere shadow of the great city which was one of the most powerful in Greece before the rise of Corinth. Though the remains, by Greek standards, are relatively few, I spent a most pleasant two hours on a hot somnolent afternoon browsing through its narrow streets and spacious main square, overlooked by the inevitable Acropolis. Indeed, it is this kind of browsing, or dawdling over wine at a few pence per glass, or thick Turkish coffee at some pavement café which provides so much of the pleasure of a Greek-holiday.

The ruins of Tiryns, reputedly the birthplace of Hercules, lie close to Nauplia, a charming town with several good hotels, including two in the first category, one of which is housed on an island in a former Venetian fortress. The ruins of a much larger fortress, also Venetian, crown the hill behind the town with 999 steps leading up to it and a glorious view over the great bay.

From here it is under 20 miles to Epidaurus and the largest and most wonderfully preserved theatre of the Hellenic world. The annual festival of drama held here is outstanding and begins towards the end of June.

Innumerable other classical sites scatter the landscapes of the Peloponnese, and mention must at least be made of the most famous of them all: Olympia, about 200 miles from Athens, and 120 from Nauplia. At this remote spot, once the most important sanctuary of Zeus for 1,000 years or more, political differences were put aside during the sacred truce of the Olympic Games. Its flame still reaches to the farthest corner of the modern world.

Boats of every size fill the round harbour at Tou

Further information: National Tourist Organisation of Greece, 195/197, Regent Street, W.1. *Means of access:* London-Athens by BEA or Olympic Airways, from £76 tourist night excursion to £141 2s 1st-class return. By

port near Athens

surface, return from £35 2s 2nd-class; £51 16s 1st-class. Direct routes — Orient and Austria Expresses. Otherwise via Brindisi, Ancona, Venice, Naples, Genoa and Marseilles, all to Piraeus.

INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL NOTES

A useful service has been introduced for business men at Brussels Airport. A Commercial Reception Department has been inaugurated both for those in transit and those staying in Belgium. Facilities range from the provision of commercial contacts, advice and information in collaboration with the Office Belge de Commerce Exterieure, and if necessary to a programme of appointments during a stay in Belgium. A business lounge is available including a fully equipped office, a small conference room, typewriters, dictaphones and, if needed, secretarial personnel. Advantage of this new service may be obtained on request from Sabena Air Lines, or through any travel agency where reservations are made.

BOAC now offers passengers faced with the problem of filling in time between connecting flights a sightseeing service. " Quik Tours ", as they are called, are available in London or Prestwick. The price, from £2 to £10, includes the cost of a chauffeur-driven car, meals, and hotel accommodation where necessary. It is a short run, for example, from Prestwick to the Burns country. These tours can be booked at travel agents, or at BOAC offices. This is a much better way to pass a few hours than spending them in an airport lounge.

JAT may not be a familiar name, but it stands for Yugoslav Airlines, which run direct services by Metropolitan and Caravelle aircraft from this country once a week to Zagreb and Dubrovnik, and twice a week to Zagreb and Belgrade. A number of domestic routes offer connections from Belgrade to Bled and Split, to name two of the more popular holiday centres. There are also connecting services with Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece.

Quite one of the most informative booklets about the US has just been distributed by the US Travel Service. Called " Directions USA" it contains vital information about travel formalities, conditions of entry, climate, seasons, road distances, money, prices, sports facilities and places to visit, besides a hundred and one pieces of information it is difficult to obtain in the normal way except by personally visiting the Tourist Office. Good advice is given on what you can bring in or take out of the country. Tidbits such as the fact that women's stockings are less expensive in the US than in other countries, and that ample soap and towels are provided by all hotels, motels, and most other types of lodgings, come under the heading of " What you need not bring." Since it is appreciated that terms are widely different, care is taken to explain that you are greeted on arrival at an hotel by a " room clerk," and that you are shown to your room by a " bell boy." This booklet should be in the luggage of anyone travelling to the United States. It would save a lot of questions. Other national tourist offices might take note of " Directions USA," quite a new standard in travel guides. **W.D.C.C.**

POPEYE AND FWIFWI

350 **Ibamba** by Wynant Davis Hubbard: Gollancz. 25s, is just the kind of book which one would expect to find illustrated by scores of photographs, probably taken by the author. The fact that it hasn't a single one (and that one misses them) is due to a tropical storm which destroyed all the prints and negatives the reader would have seen decorating this story of a 30-year-old adventure in Northern Rhodesia. The author and his wife are American and were, at the time of the story, a young couple living for four adventurous years within 13 square miles of glorious lion country, leading the African equivalent of the life of ranchers and pursuing their own profession of zoologists. This is an immensely attractive book, with or without the pictures, and includes some enchanting stories of the many animals they tamed and which became members of the household, among them a civet cat called Mr Thomas, a baby gnu called Popeye, a lioness who helped to bring up the very young Miss Hubbard, an antelope called Fwifwi (what else?) and a dove called Tweetie.

The Cretan by Elisabeth Ayrton: Hodder and Stoughton. 18s, has a striking abstract design for its wrapper, painted by the author's artist husband, Michael Ayrton, and a plot of equal originality and colour. Mrs Ayrton has written about Crete and against this background, quite obviously familiar to her, has told the story of a man who in his youth had worked for the archaeologist, Sir Arthur Evans, and now, deafened by a wartime explosion, leads an unhappy and embittered existence. He is crippled both by his lack of hearing and by his uneasy situation as an uneducated peasant who yet has learned something of a subtle and difficult craft. He turns to illicit digging for archaeological treasure and comes close to final disaster. Mrs Ayrton writes with admirable economy of effect and I shall remember this book, with its drama and its controlled narrative, for a long time.

My Feet Upon a Rock by W. H. Canaway: Hutchinson. 18s, is a boy's story, set against the wild and beautiful country and mountains of Snowdonia and told with a poetic simplicity which is not far from casting a spell of its own. Geraint is about eleven when we first meet him; about eighteen when we leave him. In that time we have seen him as he learned to climb without panic, to fish in mountain lakes and bring the plump trout home, to play the violin, to follow his lessons, to fall in love and, finally, to discover that human beings are, as often as not, quite different from the first impressions he has of them. Mr Canaway's style is lucid and deceptively plain. What he has achieved is a most human and warm-hearted novel that is none the less intelligent and perceptive for containing no abnormal or sordid characters.

America America by Elia Kazan: Collins. 15s, has been written by one of the most distinguished stage directors now living and working. It is therefore an absolutely new departure for a man whose life has been spent in the contemplation and the staging of plays and whose friends and admirers had confidently supposed that his career would continue on those same successful lines. As his friend, the playwright S. N. Behrman says in his introduction: "*I* don't want to direct. I am content to write. Why must Kazan *write*? " But, he continues, what should he find but that the book was actually good, "damn good." The theme is emigration: the passionate desire of a Greek youth who grows up under savage Turkish rule in Anatolia, to get to America. He makes first for Constantinople where his chances seem dimmer than ever but finally, with an almost brutal single-mindedness, he makes it. The novel is not without sentiment but it has its force, too, and the authority of a writer who was himself born in Turkey of Greek parents, and emigrated to America at the age of four.

The Sultan's Daughter by Dennis Wheatley: Hutchinson. 21s, follows the adventures of Prime Minister Pitt's most resourceful secret agent through many labyrinthine intrigues in Egypt, Acre and the Turkish Empire in the last years of the 18th century. As no one will be surprised to learn, this is a very long (more than 500 pages), very highly coloured and thoroughly documented saga of romantic love, fighting and diplomacy, and it should sell in its thousands.

Sword at Sunset by Rosemary Sutcliff: Hodder and Stoughton. 21s, is a powerful new interpretation of the character and achievements of King Arthur, the first that I have read for many years which genuinely presents the tough warrior and man of imagination whom Arthur must have been. Arthur as the soldier who could both organise and command loyalty; Arthur as the illegitimate son of royalty; Arthur as the planner, the husband and the leader; all these aspects of a great and legendary figure are emphasised in a vigorous novel, prefaced by a poem of Francis Brett Young's which ends:

" *But this we know; that when the Saxon rout*
Swept over them, the sun no longer shone
On Britain, and the last lights flickered out;
And men in darkness murmured: Arthur is
gone. . . ."

The Sovereign Lords by Madelaine Duke: Jonathan Cape. 18s, is the final volume in a trilogy dealing with a European family in which Dutch, Scottish, French and Austrian elements combine. The period has spanned the 19th and

CHALLENGE TO AFFLUENCE

World Without Want by Paul G. Hoffman: Chatto and Windus. 22s 6d. The author is an American by nationality and an internationalist in outlook. Best known as the Administrator of the post-war Marshall Plan, he has represented his country at the U.N. and like a number of Americans in public affairs he is by profession a businessman with wide experience in the direction of large corporations. In his new book, which is shocking, stimulating and challenging, he gives his attention to the problems of the underdeveloped nations. His starting point is that those who can read are in a minority in the world population. Those living in comfortable surroundings and enjoying decent conditions of living are in a still smaller minority. It is Mr Hoffman's view that we now have at our disposal the means to correct this monstrous injustice and " to create, in freedom, a world without want." An underdeveloped country is defined as one " which lacks the means to eradicate its own poverty." Development of any such country requires careful study and understanding of its own particular problems. The author draws on his experience with Marshall Aid—and mistakes made then—to illustrate his points. One of the main instruments of success is education and training. But education should be properly organised to meet specific demands. Some emergent countries have far too many lawyers and almost everywhere stress is put on university education as opposed to technical training. Yet the latter, Mr Hoffman thinks, is just as important, and sometimes more important in a developing country. He takes Libya as an example of what can be done by the various international agencies and the wealthier nations co-operating in development projects. This is only a microcosm. Much more can be done, and must be done. Foreign aid must be looked at not as charity but as good business. " It is sound business management in the same sense as the more familiar forms of product or market development." What makes this book such compelling reading is that Mr Hoffman is not a starry-eyed idealist but an eminently practical man with a realistic approach to one of the greatest problems of our age—the gigantic differences in the standards of living between the developed and underdeveloped.

Years of Combat by Sholto Douglas: Collins. 36s. This is the first volume of the autobiography of Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Douglas of Kirtleside. It is described as " a personal history of the first war in the air " and it is with this the book is almost entirely concerned. The opening chapter tells of the author's upbringing in London and his education at Emanuel School, Tonbridge School, and Lincoln, Oxford. His time at the University ended with the outbreak of the war in 1914 when he immediately volunteered for the Royal Horse Artillery. On Boxing Day of that year he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. First he was an observer, but soon became a pilot. This is indeed an absorbing personal story of the war above the trenches of Flanders. On its pages we catch glimpses of many of the immortals of the air between 1914-18. By 1917 the future scourge of Hitler's Luftwaffe was in command of a squadron of fighters in France. He was mastering a new dimension in war, for which there was no textbook. Tactics were a matter of trial and error. How the young Wing Commander and his likewise youthful colleagues became masters of them is among the most thrilling parts of the book. After the Armistice he left the RAF, as the Service had then become, and joined Handley Page Transport Ltd. as its Chief Pilot. Thus today's Chairman of British European Airways was one of the first commercial as well as military pilots. Conditions were primitive but passengers entered freely " into the spirit of what was very much an adventure." At least, Lord Douglas remarks, in their open seats they got better views than the passengers of today of the country they flew over. But commercial flying palled and in 1920 he was

20th centuries up to our own day and the scene has been a rapidly moving one of great variety and interest. There is nothing parochial or even chauvinistic about the thinking of the Sundman family (which, we are told, is based on the author's own) and the overall effect of the present novel, as of its predecessors, is of a rational intelligent form of worldliness, resilient enough to survive world changes.

To See the Glory by Taylor Caldwell: Collins. 21s, although a novel, takes the shape of a series of heroic episodes recollected through the memory of a woman who has heard them recounted as a little girl in her grandmother's house at the turn of the century: the lives of priests whose courage exceeded the everyday expectation of men, and who met violence, witchcraft and disease with immense courage and foresight. Miss Caldwell couldn't be a dull writer if she tried, though this book is not entirely what her fans will expect of her.

No Boots For Mr Moehau by E. H. Audley: Hodder and Stoughton. 15s, comes from New Zealand and is about a dwindling Maori community on the Coromandel Peninsula. Mr Audley brings a gentle wit to his portraits of Maori personages. He doesn't idealise them but he does far better than that, in persuading the reader that he is meeting them, at one remove but as they really are, and that is quite a literary feat. I found his book most agreeable and its lack of pretention really attractive.

Wind Without Rain by Gordon McDonell: Chatto and Windus. 15s, is an American thriller with a sensationally good opening chapter and a plot which is very nearly strong enough to keep up the original suspense. Highly effective and adult in its expression.

Vernon Fane

seriously considering taking a business post abroad when he had a chance encounter with the great Trenchard, then Chief of the Air Staff. He told him of the difficulty he was having in coming to a decision. "Don't go to Calcutta," said Trenchard, "You come back to the RAF." And so, all unknowingly, the brilliant direction of Fighter Command from the darkest days of the Second War to victory was assured.

Famous Air Battles by John Frayn Turner: Barker. 16s. Here are accounts of the personalities and highlights of the historic air battles of both world wars.

Speaking Frankly About the Germans by Gudrun Tempel: Secker and Warburg. 18s. Miss Tempel was born in Germany and was at school there in the days of Hitler. Since the war she has lived at times in Ireland, Britain and France. Her book is very personal and thought-provoking. She tells of her experiences in Germany during the war and after it. In her reflection upon the Germans she likens the German ideal to the engine driver—a man with a sensation of immense power and responsibility, confined to a single track and controlled by signals from somebody else.

Charles Dimont

ANTHONY CRICKMAY

LESSON IN LIP-SERVICE

Bernard Miles (above left) plays the old soldier Schweyk in *Schweyk in the Second World War* at the Mermaid Theatre, London. Bertolt Brecht's farce is set mainly in Prague during the German occupation. At the Dog and Goblet, the SS rat Brettsneider (John Carter) notes a thinly disguised contempt in Schweyk for the Third Reich. At Gestapo HQ, Schweyk's garrulous repartee fascinates the odious soft-spoken Gestapo Lieutenant Bullinger (Bill Fraser, above right) and he is released on condition he secures a thoroughbred Pomeranian lap-dog. Later he is enlisted, and encounters a frustrated and puny Hitler in the final scene set in the Russian wastes. The play is larded with songs by Hanns Eisler and with filmed Hitlerian interludes.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **ALFRED J. SHERWIN**

Mr Sherwin is Chairman and Joint Managing Director of H. and R. Johnson Ltd., manufacturers of ceramic tiles. He first joined the Company in 1928, becoming a director in 1934. In July, 1955 he succeeded Colonel Harry Johnson as Joint Managing Director and Chairman. H. and R. Johnson have several factories in the UK. The main headquarters is at Stoke-on-Trent, where the firm has its own Engineering and Glaze Manufacturing Departments. H. and R. Johnson also have factories abroad, in Canada, India and South Africa. Another one is at present under construction in Australia. Mr Sherwin is also Joint Managing Director of Thomas Peak Ltd., an engineering firm, a Director of the Ceramic Tile Council, Chairman of the Tile Panel Committee of the BCRA and Chairman and Director of Building Adhesives Ltd. Mr Sherwin was educated at The Leys School, Cambridge. During the war he was a Captain in the RASC and was mentioned in Despatches. Married with two children, he lives at Tittensor, Staffordshire. His hobbies include salmon fishing, golf, squash and an interest in all games

A CLASH OF BLADES

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

In Zurich last month, in a barber's shop window, there was a display of stainless steel razor blades with a hand-printed notice, " The famous Wilkinson razor blade, sold in Switzerland under the name Tondeo." Whether these were in fact made under licence seemed somewhat uncertain, since blades in an actual Wilkinson plastic pack were on sale just down the road, at slightly more than twice the price (Swiss Fr.4.50 for five, against Swiss Fr.2 a packet for the " local version "). On my return to London I learnt they were not made under licence. Even so the notice seemed quite a commercial testimonial to the magic of a name : so, for that matter, did the other demonstration that many Swiss are prepared to pay 1s 3d per authentic Wilkinson blade (made, in this case, at Sölingen in Western Germany, which is as impressive a name for alloy steel and sharp blades as Sheffield itself).

There have been few recent success stories in the export and home sales of any British domestic article quite as notable as that of Wilkinson's " Sword-edge " razor blades during the last couple of years. This old-established Sheffield company has been making razor blades, and of stainless steel, for longer than that; and indeed some of the brand's long-term devotees would argue that before the latest improvements in design the blades could be used even longer, though they may not have been as sharp to start with. But at first they were not so popular: it is only since about 1961, when these blades began to achieve a very marked vogue in the United States, that their renown, reflected back to Britain and, justified in practice, set off the boom here. By the beginning of this year output could not keep pace with demand; in Britain they have become a rationed, almost "under the counter " purchase for persevering shoppers only.

The spur to fame was in another way remarkable; as a piece of promotion—or perhaps it should be called non-promotion. Wilkinson did not achieve this surge in sales through any massive advertising campaign in the United States or in Britain. It began to market an exceptional product, and word of mouth did most of the rest, assisted by some editorial publicity as newspapers in New York and later London noticed this sudden new fashion in shaving. In Britain, after the demand built up last winter, Wilkinson did little advertising until it was obliged to let would-be customers know why the blades were becoming so hard to get, and was able to add that it was increasing its manufacturing capacity.

Though capacity is probably still limiting sales of these blades, and one may perhaps expect heavier promotion once more of them can be supplied, it seems doubtful yet whether Wilkinson has more than 5-10 per cent. of the British market for new blades—or whether it has seriously bothered the industry's colossus, here and in other countries, Gillette. One other odd sidelight on British blade competition one can note in Zurich is that there shops are offering a Gillette stainless steel blade. This does not appear, however, to be the " answer to the Wilkinson blade " that the trade is sure Gillette will soon bring out. The Gillette Company in Boston has announced distribution and sale of a new stainless steel blade is to begin this week in the U.S.A. Foreign markets will be supplied as production in foreign plants becomes available. Gillette has been marketing a stainless blade for years to a rather limited clientele, without its ever developing any very general demand by comparison with the group's " thin " or " blue " blades. On the Continent and in the United States other makers have jumped on to the bandwagon that Wilkinson set going with " rostfrei," or stainless, blades. But Gillette has refused to be hurried.

This upsurge of Wilkinson's stainless blades came at a time when Gillette's technical development, in the United States and here, was turned most notably in quite another direction. This was the quest for extraordinary sharpness that produced the " Blue Extra " blade, made from ordinary razor blade steel but honed to an extremely fine edge and coated on the " shoulders " of the edge with a plastic coating that assists to a remarkable degree in gliding the razor smoothly over the face, making the shave comfortable as well as close. Gillette argues that this is the sharpest razor blade ever produced. In one independent consumer test, quite a proportion of the men taking part, whether or not they chose it as " a best buy " for ordinary everyday shaving, mentioned that it gave by far the best first-time shave of any. Gillette considered the point worth taking up in their advertising, looking towards rising standards of living in which a growing proportion of males may be able to afford to use a razor blade once only. The Blue Gillette Extra costs more than the average blade, though not as much as a Wilkinson blade.

This whole concept of shaving luxury without too much regard to what is after all a trifling cost, however, is challenged by the advent of a stainless blade that gives a really good shave. (Not all do: stainless steel, being a " work-hardening " metal, is inherently more difficult to hone to a really fine edge than carbon or slightly alloyed steels.) To your correspondent (shaving is a subjective ritual and everyone is prepared to pass judgments as his own one-man *Which?*) the Wilkinson blade does not seem as sharp on the first shave as the Gillette Extra; nor has he got as many shaves out of it as the real cognoscenti claim to. On the other hand, there are mornings when a Gillette Extra is all too much of a sharp thing, prepared to shave closer than my hand is steady; and a slightly less fine stainless edge makes shaving a rather less hazardous affair.

What Wilkinson and other good stainless blades offer, however, is economy as well as comfortable shaving. Opinions about how long a blade can be used are as individual as beards; but many people would hope to get a week to ten days' shaves out of one stainless blade, against two or three shaves from a normal steel blade. The Wilkinson blade costs the customer more initially; but if he can get two or three times as many shaves per blade as even the medium-priced Gillette blade he may be able to cut down the cost of his shaving over the year.

Helping him achieve this saving is excellent business for Wilkinson, whose blades have always been designed to last this long and which is achieving a big multiplication in its sales from the prowess of its latest design. But any large-scale switch to stainless blades—even if the stainless blades were made by Gillette—would not necessarily be equally rewarding business for the great American-owned producer. A competitive strategy that suits a trusting small competitor would not suit, and could be quite painful for, a supplier that dominates a market already. Gillette is never anxious to boast about quite how big it is in any market, but there is no doubt that the group is by far the biggest producer in, among others, the British market.

If every packet of stainless blades sold were to displace three packets of non-stainless blades, two of the packets not sold might well be Gillette. So even if Gillette was to regain the same proportion of stainless sales as of the rest the business strategy would not reward them as much as it would a newcomer to the market. The stainless blade will command some premium in price; nevertheless, it costs more to make (involving some capital expenditure at least on development and retooling), and will cost something in promotion to establish in a market where Wilkinson is at present the leader. On each stainless blade the maker should get a slightly higher unit profit, but this would have to offset the lower unit profits foregone on two or three non-stainless blades. For a business dealing in almost astronomical numbers of blades a year, and up to now in unruffled command of the market, one can see the complications.

And this is a market worth commanding. In Britain in 1962 over 2,000 million blades were made. That total has been growing over the years faster than the shaving population, in spite of the also growing population of electric shavers, which seem to be mainly in occasional use.

What Gillette and other blade makers must at present be mainly concerned with is how far the trend to stainless blades will go. It can be argued that these blades have so far been bought largely by people seeking economy, who can't afford to throw away a blade after one or two days' shaving. If so, one might expect stainless to find its level in the market but then tend to grow a shade less than total blade sales, if developing affluence makes more and more of us seek shaving luxury. But against that there is the fact that all of us cherish our own little meannesses; and that where these happen to fit in with petty lazinesses too, the alert market researcher should beware. For quite a lot of young and old shavers, the appeal of stainless may present itself less in any calculated economy than in the chance of going one more morning without changing that beastly blade, a boring and messy little exercise in itself, to which many of us feel, at that time in the morning, a good deal less than equal. Not to have to change the blade, and a chance to feel virtuous about it without scraping one's face too much: these must surely be considered to be powerful selling points.

This model shows the design for a new hotel in London. It will be built on the site of the old Royal Palace Hotel, overlooking Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park. The full height of the building will be 125 ft and altogether it will have ten floors of guest rooms and three floors of public rooms including conference rooms. The number of rooms is to be 527, including suites. Those responsible for developing the hotel are jointly Oddenino's Property and Investment Company and City Centre Properties

BRITISH INDUSTRY

ROWNTREE AND COMPANY LIMITED

354 In York, the confectionery industry gives employment to about 20 per cent. of the city's working population. Of the companies concerned the biggest is Rowntree and Co. Ltd. whose factory, the Cocoa Works, occupies a large site on the northern edge of the city. Although the company can trace its origins back to the 18th century, it was incorporated in its present form in 1897 and now employs about 10,000 people at York.

Its principal products give the company a wide interest in all branches of the confectionery market—Black Magic, Dairy Box and After Eight among chocolate assortments; Gums, Pastilles and Polo among sugar confectionery and Kit Kat and Aero in the moulded chocolate market. In the grocery market the company is the largest producer of table jellies and has produced cocoa since its earliest days. Not all these products are manufactured at York. In 1958 a modern factory was opened at Fawdon near Newcastle upon Tyne and it now employs nearly 1,000 people in the manufacture of table jellies and fruit pastilles.

The Cocoa Works at York is also the headquarters of the Rowntree Group. This includes associated companies in the chocolate and confectionery industry (W. and M. Duncan Ltd., Whitefields Ltd., W. S. Shuttleworth and Co. Ltd.) and also in the biscuit industry (Gray Dunn and Co. Ltd., Alfred Hughes and Sons Ltd., A. Romary and Co. Ltd.). In addition to these home companies, Rowntree companies have been established overseas in Ireland, Canada, Australia, South Africa and the Netherlands. The Group is, therefore, a large one and, although it is mainly concerned with the manufacture of a well-known range of products, it is expanding and diversifying its business both at home and overseas.

During the history of Rowntree and Co. Ltd. the manufacture of chocolate and sugar confectionery has developed from a small "kitchen stove" occupation into a large and complex industry involving many highly technical processes. To keep pace with changes in public taste, the development of new products is playing an increasing part in the business. The pictures on these four pages show some of the processes employed by Rowntrees at factories in York and Newcastle in the making of chocolate and confectionery.

Above: Cocoa beans are a major ingredient in the manufacture of chocolate. The beans are cleaned and roasted to bring out the full flavour, then cracked and winnowed to separate the "nib" (or kernel) from the shell. In the manufacture of plain chocolate, the clean and roasted nib is then put into a melangeur pan, where it is mixed with crystal sugar and cocoa butter

Right: The chocolate ingredients are subjected to further grinding on five roll refiners and the process repeated until a really smooth mixture is obtained. This is beaten for several days until it develops its full flavour and texture

Above: Chocolate is moulded into the usual blocks and other shapes. Here the round centres for Smarties are being "rubbed down" in a revolving pan to remove rough edges. They are then weighed into batches

Left: Each delivery of all raw materials is sampled and tested carefully to ensure quality and purity. In the Analytical Laboratory fruit juice samples are being tested for purity by using a spectrophotometer

Continued on next page

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

BRITISH INDUSTRY

ROWNTREE & CO. LTD.,

356 **Right:** Purified liquor, syrup and glucose for Fruit Pastilles are drawn through pipes into a weighing-pan in carefully measured quantities prior to mixing with the fruit ingredients

Far right: Pure lime juice, destined for Lime Pastilles, is first stored in thousand-gallon vats for several weeks until it settles and clarifies. The clear juice is then drawn off

Below: Gum arabic is a major ingredient in Fruit Gums. It arrives in the form of brittle lumps. After grinding the gum goes through a series of dissolving and purifying processes. These include the separation of the liquor from the residue by a high speed centrifugal process

Left: After the addition of the fruit ingredients the liquor is moulded into individual pastilles, which are dried in ovens, cooled and sugar-crystallised. Finally, they pass along mechanised conditioning conveyors

Below: This machine electronically consigns every pastille to a prescribed flavour assortment. It then forms the bags and cartons and fills them. Finally it weighs the cartons and contents, automatically rejecting any which are not of the correct weight

BULLS BEAT BEARS

by The Sphere City Correspondent

358 For just over a year now, the bulls in the City (who believe the market is rising and that shares should be bought to sell higher up) have just been outnumbering the bears (who, assuming the market is falling, have been sellers in the hope of buying lower down). Share prices, after creeping up at a rate of about 2 per cent. a month since June of last year (after the disastrous Wall Street collapse), have suddenly spurted to a series of new two-year peaks. On average, prices are now about 27 per cent. better than their low point in mid-1962, and only 11 per cent. below their all-time high in May, 1961.

The reasons for this improvement are economic, political and technical. Economic news (notably the gradual upturn in the industrial production index and the sharp rise in car sales and hire purchase advances) suggests that the various measures to boost output taken by the Government since Fireworks Day last November are at last beginning to work. On the political front, in spite of disagreement on the state of Government popularity the small investor clearly believes the old adage that if wage packets are full and unemployment low, the Government of the day will be re-elected. Significantly it was the small investor who was buying steel shares ahead of the 1959 election.

But there are also good technical grounds for the market to rise sharply on even a modest amount of optimism. There is plenty of money about to be invested. Recent figures from the Trustee Savings banks, building societies and national savings movement have shown that ample small savings are being amassed, so far mainly in small savings media. On the institutional side, too, not only have the insurance and pension funds their usual (and growing) premium income to invest, but the unit trusts—another small savings media—are mostly committed to investing their funds fairly promptly in ordinary shares. From three sources, then, there is demand for shares.

Meanwhile supply is, relatively speaking, restricted. The slow rate of capital investment by manufacturers (few want to spend on a new factory until they can be sure of profitable returns) has meant only a slow rate of fund-raising by new share issues on the stock market. It is worth noting, for instance, that the average earnings yield on the old *Financial Times* industrial index is now historically low at less than 6½ per cent., while that on the new 500-share index is also distinctly low at 7½ per cent. This means that share prices are higher in relation to company earnings than is usual.

The fact is that the recovery in company earnings that has been going on since last November (with interruptions because of the vile weather) will not be reflected in reports until after, probably the traditional three months after, next November. And it is also worth noting that the recovery is by no means evenly spread. Cars have been doing well, which should help the figures of the assemblers, suppliers and particularly the garages and distributors. Hire purchase has been doing well, with low borrowing rates, high lending rates and an increase in business.

But retail sales are only now beginning to shake off a two-year lethargy, so stores may take time to turn in really good results, while household goods' firms have the drag of gross overcapacity in refrigerators and a surplus in many other products. At the heavier end, machine tool order books are still falling and machine tool shares should be left alone. Heavy engineering shares can probably be bought later when there are genuine signs of profitable recovery. Shipbuilding and textiles are fighting world surplus capacity. Any orders won must be at negligible margins and only the insider should invest in these sectors.

If there is to be a general recovery of the economy, it will begin at the consumer-end and spread downwards. Traditionally, packaging, paint and chemicals are central barometers of the economy and there are a number of good shares in each of these fields. Alternatively, the courageous might think it worth putting a small risk investment into the three political sectors—steel (where the yields are very attractive), property and life insurance. Prices are often as much as 40 per cent. below the high points two years ago.

But for the uninitiated, investment trusts provide a painless way of investing in a recovery. Though unsuitable for those who need current income, for a very small management charge one obtains professional management, a spread of risk and useful gearing from the large amount of fixed interest capital employed. Three with excellent records, a low priced share and a reasonable market are Foreign and Colonial (at around 16s 6d to yield 3 per cent.), Scottish Investment (at 73s to yield 3·4 per cent.) and Witan Investment (at 17s 4½d to yield 2·8 per cent.).

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

No amount of soothing words could hide the sharp disappointment felt by the Birmingham Dipped Headlights Experiment committee at the brusque rejection by the DSIR of the report on last winter's experiment. For five months all motorists in Birmingham were encouraged by all possible means to drive on dipped headlights under all-night road conditions. The interim report sent to the Minister of Transport last May claimed the saving of 19 lives and spectacular drops in most night accident rates. For instance, pedestrian deaths in Leeds and Manchester both rose by more than 50 per cent.; in Birmingham they fell by the same amount.

The Road Research Laboratory, however, in its report on the report, said bluntly that the fall in accidents could not " reasonably be ascribed to the increased use of dipped headlights." Other aspects of the city's road safety campaign were associated with the reduction, it said. Some members of the Birmingham committee had bitter things to say about what they had seen of the RRL's facilities for evaluating the evidence. Mr C. P. Davidson, who is also a director of Joseph Lucas (Electrical) Ltd., the principal of many industrial sponsors of the experiment, called the RRL report " sheer nonsense."

Before dismissing the outraged cries as sour grapes, however, it is worth noting that *something*, whether dipped headlights or not, did cause Birmingham's night accident rates to drop between October last year and March this year much more than those of Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool or Manchester, that there was, in the then Lord Mayor's words, " a reduction in human suffering which may light the way for you, the Minister, to show the nation," that the Chief Constable of Birmingham (Mr E. J. Dodd, now, perhaps significantly, taking up his post as Chief Inspector of Constabulary) gave the campaign his full support, and that already the present Lord Mayor, Alderman Dr Louis Glass, and the Watch Committee chairman, Councillor George Evans, have promised their support for another campaign this winter.

TGWU mantle

Jack Jones, the man most likely to succeed Frank Cousins as chief of Britain's most powerful trade union, the Transport and General Workers', is on his way south again. Now 50, he has been chosen as the " Third Man " in the union's hierarchy and looks likely to step into the leadership when Mr Cousins and Harry Nicholas, the assistant general secretary, both retire in six years' time. Mr Jones came to the Midlands from Liverpool in 1939 when he was appointed district secretary at Coventry. During his 16 years there he forged a strong and active membership, raising it from 2,000 to 35,000, and initiating policies designed to give members better redundancy terms and fringe benefits.

A flexible and able negotiator, this quietly spoken son of a Liverpool dock worker, really made his mark in Birmingham and the Midlands. He could have gone to London before this, but preferred to try to influence national policy from a distance until the right opportunity arose to go to London and command a similarly strong position in the national organisation. Although he said it was a " wide guess " that his job as assistant executive secretary would be to handle most of the industrial policy, leaving Mr Nicholas to cope with the growingly complex administrative issues, this seems the probable division of work they will arrange.

Stratford's dramatic deficit

The news from Stratford-upon-Avon is bad. Lord Avon, as president, has told the governors of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre that they have at most 18 months in which to solve that theatre's money problems (in 1962-63 the net loss to be written off was £38,066—an increase in 12 months of more than £9,000). Nor is it artistic indifference towards sound business principles that has caused the loss. At the head of the executive council is Sir Fordham Flower, of the famous Stratford brewing family; as chairman of the finance committee the theatre has over the years been well served by Mr L. G. T. Farmer, whose Rovers and Land-Rovers are equal tribute to industrial know-how. Inexorably rising costs—£10,000 on salaries, £26,000 on operating costs are but two examples—have not been matched, even by a record £503,784 box-office takings. The figures for production costs alone nowadays equal almost the entire expenditure of ten years ago.

Nor is this extravagance. With two theatres to run (three for a brief period of the year under review) and a policy which has been a beacon for the National Theatre, Peter Hall, the young director who has brought a new look to Stratford, has worked miracles on next-to-nothing. Small wonder that with a £40,000 Arts Council grant—their first-ever—the Stratford governors look quizzically at the £650,000 going annually to Covent Garden—or the £130,000 going to the National Theatre from the same source. One-quarter of that could solve pressing problems of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre—and ensure that the flow of trade, especially in foreign currencies, which the theatre has stimulated over the years, does not dry up.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

An unusual tasting was given recently by S. F. and O. Hallgarten in the firm's cellars. Inspired perhaps by the now much too commonplace wine and cheese party, a new and original theme was introduced by the organisers; "Wine and Pâté." The party was held in the middle of the day, and so one was to assume that it was intended, for those who were there, to take the place of lunch. The magnificent array of food consisted of 12 different pâtés. Lemon sorbet was offered in conclusion and this in turn was followed by coffee.

On the other side there were wines from many regions and countries, red, white and rosé, and all of them (17 in all) being more or less generic wines, without any dates of vintage, were reasonably priced, in fact they were all under £1 in price. For the guidance of the guests each one on the list was described in one or two words, e.g., light and dry, medium, sweet, etc. New to me among the adjectives was the word "spicy;" I did not discover what this was intended to convey in connection with wine. I wondered if the use of it was suggested by the Alsatian Gewuerztraminer, for "Gewuerz" literally means spice. I would hope not to find any spiciness in a wine in a peppery sense, for it would make the drinker cough and splutter, and that is not the effect expected of a wine, even if its price is reasonable. Be that as it may, it was a good selection of wines, and I can see that a shipper must show as many of his wines as he can—after all that is really the purpose of such a tasting. All the same, I cannot agree that there is such a wide choice and variety of wines that will go really well with pâtés as was suggested by our hosts. With the exception of Tuna Fish Pâté, and Taramasalata, both of which are based on fish and therefore need a white, dry wine to go with them, all the others would be happiest in my view in the company of a fairly full, not too subtle red wine. I found a fruity Beaujolais from Chénas, "Les Rougemonts," priced at 14s 3d, which I enjoyed with all the pâtés I tried. I know that Sauterne goes well with Foie Gras, but that is a single exception, and we were not offered Foie Gras in any case. An honest, sound red wine is my choice with all pâtés (not the fishy ones, of course), and there were some good examples among the six reds offered, from St. Emilion, Burgundy and the Rhone. They were exactly right, but Liebfraumilch? Certainly not!

The pâtés were real masterpieces. Several of them were based on recipes by Elizabeth David, such as the Pâté of Chicken Livers and the Terrine de Campagne (both from *A Book of Mediterranean Food*) and the Pâté de Foie de Porc du Perigord from her *French Country Cooking*. The Pâté Maison, presumably an original recipe, was also excellent, and because it is extremely simple to make, I can quote the recipe without taking up too much space: "1½ lb. chicken livers, 1 large onion, 1 small tin of cream, 1½ ozs. sherry, 1½ ozs. brandy, salt and pepper. Sauté the liver and onion in butter. Mince and mix with the remaining ingredients. Either pound or put into blender and mix until smooth. Put into terrine and cover. Place terrine in pan of water in No. 3 oven for one hour. Eat very cold."

The party was a great success, there is no doubt. All the same I cannot see any immediate prospect of such "Wine and Pâté" parties taking the place of the ubiquitous wine and cheese party as a social occasion, or a way of entertaining economically. The obvious reason is that it is much more trouble to make a selection of pâtés (or to buy ready-made ones, which is more expensive) than to get some more or less interesting cheeses. In spite of this reservation, I have the greatest admiration for the original, pioneer quality and the dashing enterprise of Messrs Hallgarten in holding what must have been the first ever Wine and Pâté party on this scale.

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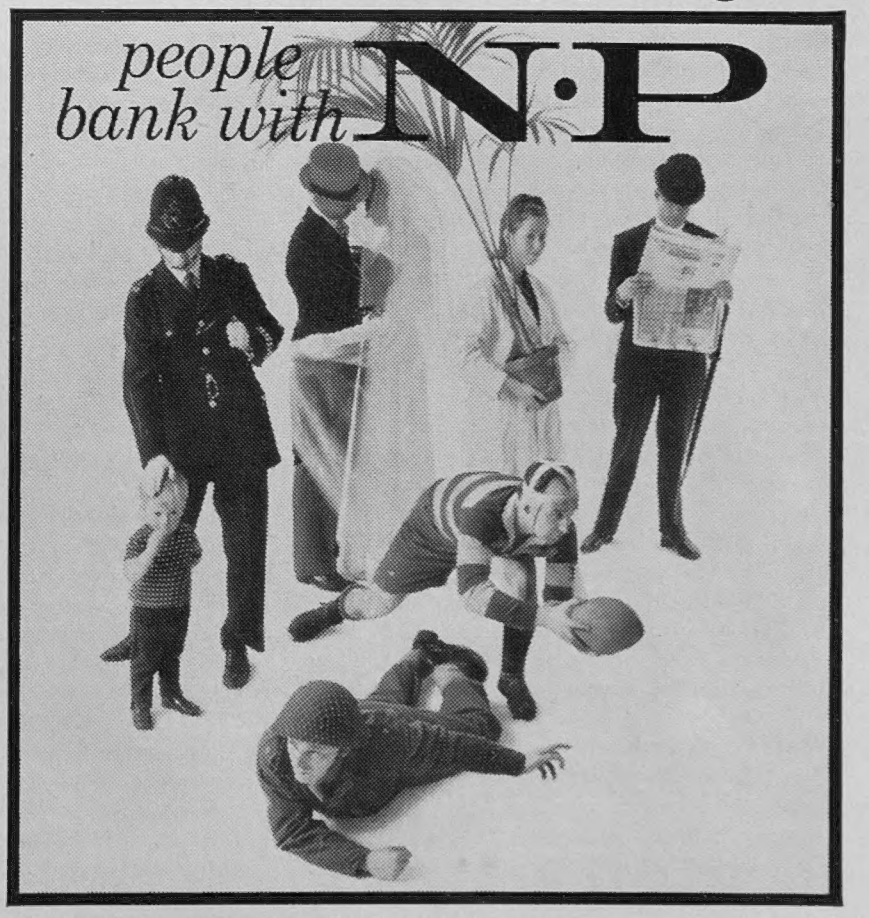

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1100 VERSIONS OF THE BMC

360 When I went to Longbridge for the announcement by the British Motor Corporation of their new Austin 1100, the chairman, Mr George Harriman, pointed out an interesting fact concerning this spectacularly successful Issigonis design. " Because it is just under 1,100 c.c. it qualifies for the lowest class of insurance rates in Britain," he said. " This means that the average annual insurance rates on our 1100 cars are up to £3 less than those of competitive models between 1,100 and 1,300 c.c. This represents about 500 miles of ' free ' motoring."

Mr Harriman is confident that the 1100 series—which now uses Austin, Morris and MG labels—will remain in production for at least ten years. I think he is right. There have been longer production runs, including those of the model T Ford, BMC's own Morris Minor and, of course, the Volkswagen, but I doubt if any manufacturer has been bold enough in the past to make the kind of prediction George Harriman did. The BMC 1100 design is so attractive, with its front wheel drive, transversely mounted engine, independent suspension of all four wheels by interconnected fluid " springs " and disc brakes, the BMC chief was on safe ground.

No one was surprised to learn that an Austin version of the 1100 was in production, and we may yet see Riley and Wolseley editions. More than 110,000 Morris and MG 1100s have been built inside the first year of production. They are currently being turned out at the rate of 4,000 a week (to be increased to 6,000 by November).

With an additional weekly production of 5,750 Minis, BMC are the world's biggest producers of front-wheel-drive cars. The Austin 1100 costs the same as the Morris version (£593 in standard four-door form), but has a number of distinctive features, apart from the scalloped radiator grille in anodised aluminium. The facia and instrument layout are different (with, for instance, a horizontal strip speedometer), the car has its own special trim, and the twin lamps which illuminate the number plate also light up the luggage boot.

Like the Morris 1100, the latest Austin—which will be on show at Frankfurt next week—has a top speed of close on 80 m.p.h., and normally gives a fuel consumption figure of nearly 40 miles to the gallon. " With five up on a holiday trip the new Austin offers a fuel economy of 0·3d per mile per passenger," Alec Issigonis proudly claimed. The big increase in 1100 production will be made possible by a new paint, trim and assembly building at Longbridge which is the most modern in the world and which is one of the most important items in a BMC expansion programme to increase capacity to a million vehicles a year.

The Austin 1100 which is in the series expected to remain in production for at least ten years

Rootes group models

Preoccupied as they are with the task of building up production of their new rear-engined Hillman Imp, the Rootes group are not expected to produce any more new models this show season, but they have just announced improvements to both the de luxe Minx and the Hillman Husky estate car, with slight price increases as a result.

The 1,600 c.c. Minx has been given a new low look by means of reshaping the roof, doors, windscreen surround, back light and rear wings. Mechanical changes include disc brakes at the front, lighter steering and improved suspension. Borg-Warner automatic transmission can be specified for £91 (including tax) on top of the new price of £635 (which is an increase of £18). The new de luxe Minx (which now costs £109 more than the Super Minx), has wider rear doors, individual front seats, a redesigned facia and a bigger petrol tank (ten gallons instead of seven). All greasing points have been eliminated and the service interval increased to 3,000 miles.

The modifications to the well-tried, irrepressible little Husky have brought a price increase of only £12, the label now reading £587. For this extra sum the Husky is cheaper to run, easier to drive and better finished.

Like the new de luxe Minx, the Husky now has no greasing points and needs servicing only at intervals of 3,000 miles. The gearbox has been improved, the steering is lighter and the suspension has revised shock absorber settings and spring ratings. The bonnet line is lower, the front end has been restyled, there is a full-width facia panel with crash pad, and there is now a combined ignition and starter switch.

The rear-engined Renault Caravelle

From Paris comes news that the rear-engined Renault Caravelle has been given a bigger, five-bearing engine of 1,108 c.c. developing 55 brake horse-power; and a more robust, four-speed, all-synchromesh gearbox to handle this extra power more effectively.

This makes the Caravelle the first Renault with an engine bigger than one litre since the Fregate was dropped. The price of the four-seater coupé version of the Caravelle (formerly known in Britain as the Floride Caravelle) remains unchanged at £1,026; and the convertible two-seat version (up to now called the Floride Specialex in Britain, and formerly available—for £1,026—only with folding hood *and* detachable hard-top) will now be sold as a straightforward convertible at £974 with the option of buying a hardtop as an extra for £52. The Floride part of the name has been dropped altogether.

Longlife motor oil

The most interesting thing about BP's Visco-Static Longlife motor oil is that Shell, who are in bitter rivalry with this new BP product on the Continent (where it has been on sale since the Spring) are *helping* to sell Longlife in Britain, where the marketing of the products of *both* companies is handled jointly by Shell-Mex and BP Ltd! Longlife can be used, without draining the sump, for either 10,000 miles or one year, whichever comes first. I went along to BP's huge research centre at Sunbury-on-Thames (where more than 1,600 people work) to inspect the laboratories in which the revolutionary Longlife oil was born two years ago.

Here I was told that at 3s 5½d a pint, Longlife costs about a third more than BP Visco-Static, but because it doubles oil change periods it is no more expensive in the long run and, because it helps to reduce the number of times a car has to be left at a garage for servicing, probably saves the owner money. Longlife has not yet been " accepted " by British car manufacturers, though Renault and Daf say it is all right. Shell-Mex and BP say confidently that if a manufacturer recommends a 3,000-mile oil drain period, owners of his cars need not in fact change their oil for 6,000 miles.

The advent of Longlife is in keeping with the current trend towards easier car maintenance which is leading to a complete elimination of greasing points, so-called sealed-for-life cooling systems and the use of grease-packed joints on steering and transmission systems. The day seems to be approaching when, between the time we buy a car and eventually sell it, all we need do is to add petrol, drain the sump once a year and see that the tyres have enough tread and enough air. But what about that battery?

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by KELIHER, HUDSON & KEARNS LTD., Hatfields, London, S.E.1.
SATURDAY, September 7, 1963. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

HE PLEASURE OF THE UNEXPECTED. Readers have been good enough to thank us from time to time on what they have described " as the at pleasure of the unexpected." We, in our turn, would like to return compliment by saying that nearly all *our* fresh discoveries are due to helpful suggestions of readers.

The first seven months of 1963 seem to have been unusually fruitful his respect, and we feel that we cannot do better this week than draw ention to some singularly unexpected " finds " of recent months.

After the City of London has disgorged, from Monday to Friday nights, work-a-day populace, only a sprinkling of people emerge from Mansion use, Bank, Tower Hill and other Underground stations. Therefore as a surprise when our host of the evening asked us to meet him at sion House station at 7 p.m. to " wine and dine " in what he described rather unusual surroundings." " Shall we walk ? " our host asked, " the ning is fine, it won't take ten minutes and the streets are rather inating once the life of the City is stilled." And thus we found it, as we ed down Garlick Hill, passed silent warehouses, strolled over a deserted thwark Bridge and then walked down steps leading to Bankside. Here, in a few yards, we came to *The Anchor*, the last of the Bankside erns to have witnessed the romantic days of the 17th century.

Bow-windowed and with a " come-hither " look in its interior lighting, stepped, as we crossed the threshold, from the 20th to the 18th century. he lounge and snack bar, once the old sanded kitchen, we sampled Dr nson's favourite drink, " Russian Imperial Stout," brewed in Courage's hor Brewery adjoining. The latter has waxed exceedingly prosperous e it began its career in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I as the common whouse of James Manger. It was in a room here that Dr Johnson r compiled his famous dictionary. But we are digressing, and it is not prising, for the whole evening was a diversity of surprise in food, wine historic surroundings.

We dined with keen expectancy—after viewing the modern kitchens—he Shakespeare Room, above stairs. Panelled from floor to ceiling, a wide handsome bow-window, the environment encouraged us to inate on river pirates, press-gangs, smugglers and the varied range of om that *The Anchor* attracted in days of yore.

Our second unexpected discovery was in Ireland. Most people crave to pe for a while from the noise and tumult of the city, so what a pleasing prise it was when we turned off the Dublin-Wicklow road one May ning and discovered, but half a mile off the highway, the long two-storied nter's Hotel (postal address: Newrath Bridge, Rathnew, Co. Wicklow), in a lovely garden through which the River Vartry flows. Old-fashioned? , but pleasantly furnished with plenty of bathrooms, hot water and smiling Irish maids to provide good service.

Full of tradition, for the hotel has known four generations of Hunter, once coaching inn has been known for many years by Dubliners as a rming objective for homely fare and for efficient courtly service. To t was a delightful surprise, and we revelled in the peacefulness of our ounds, and the friendliness of all around us.

A few weeks later it was ironical that, on one of those all too rare days n the English countryside was looking devastatingly beautiful, we should eading for the Continent. In such ideal conditions we drove in to the Port of *Rumpels Country Club, Restaurant and Hotel*, Rye Foreign, the London—Hawkhurst—Rye road.

Rye Foreign! What an appropriate name for an overnight stop *en route* nd from Ferryfield Airport, Lydd, or the Car Ferry Service at Dover. was an experiment we certainly hope to repeat, for there was detailed ght in our cosy unit suite ranging from fruit on the dressing-cum-writing e, periodicals, writing paper, an automatic tea-maid service and an sually attractive Continental breakfast served in our room.

Licensed with cocktail bar and " stoop " for motel visitors, " chance " ers wanting cocktails must previously join the club. The owners are ously interested in food and wine, and serve it in such attractive surround- that they wish to keep the atmosphere of *Rumpels* selective.

Now for surprise No. 4. Sometimes hotels well known to us for many rs provide on a re-visit some surprise, and that was certainly so when pent the night at *The Victoria Hotel*, Sidmouth.

Since Mr P. L. Osborne took over the post of General Manager of this deserved four star hotel, his directorate has encouraged his progressive ook by giving him the go-ahead on schemes calculated to attract more more patrons of all ages in all seasons. Spending a night there in the er part of July, 1963, there was quick evidence of the fact that a vast ncial programme had already been completed. Starting below stairs, viewed a model Cinema Theatre with tip-up seats, multi-coloured lighting ets and all the technical know-how for the skilled operator. Here a film at on each Tuesday,

On the ground floor, the Spanish Cocktail Bar, completed in 1962, was the forerunner of other improvements. The Ladies' Powder Room ow a model of decor and utility, while the Restaurant has been so opened redecorated and refurnished that it is virtually a new room.

We have kept the " pièce de résistance " until last—the Swimming Lido. had heard that a swimming pool was being built, but the ultimate eeded our wildest expectations. Of a decorative shape, an ornamental ge spans the centre, while a vast stone flagged area is laid out with all Lido furniture, from sun umbrellas to children's paddling pool. Incident- , the adult pool is a salt water one, cleaned continuously, and maintained a temperature of 70 degrees.

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